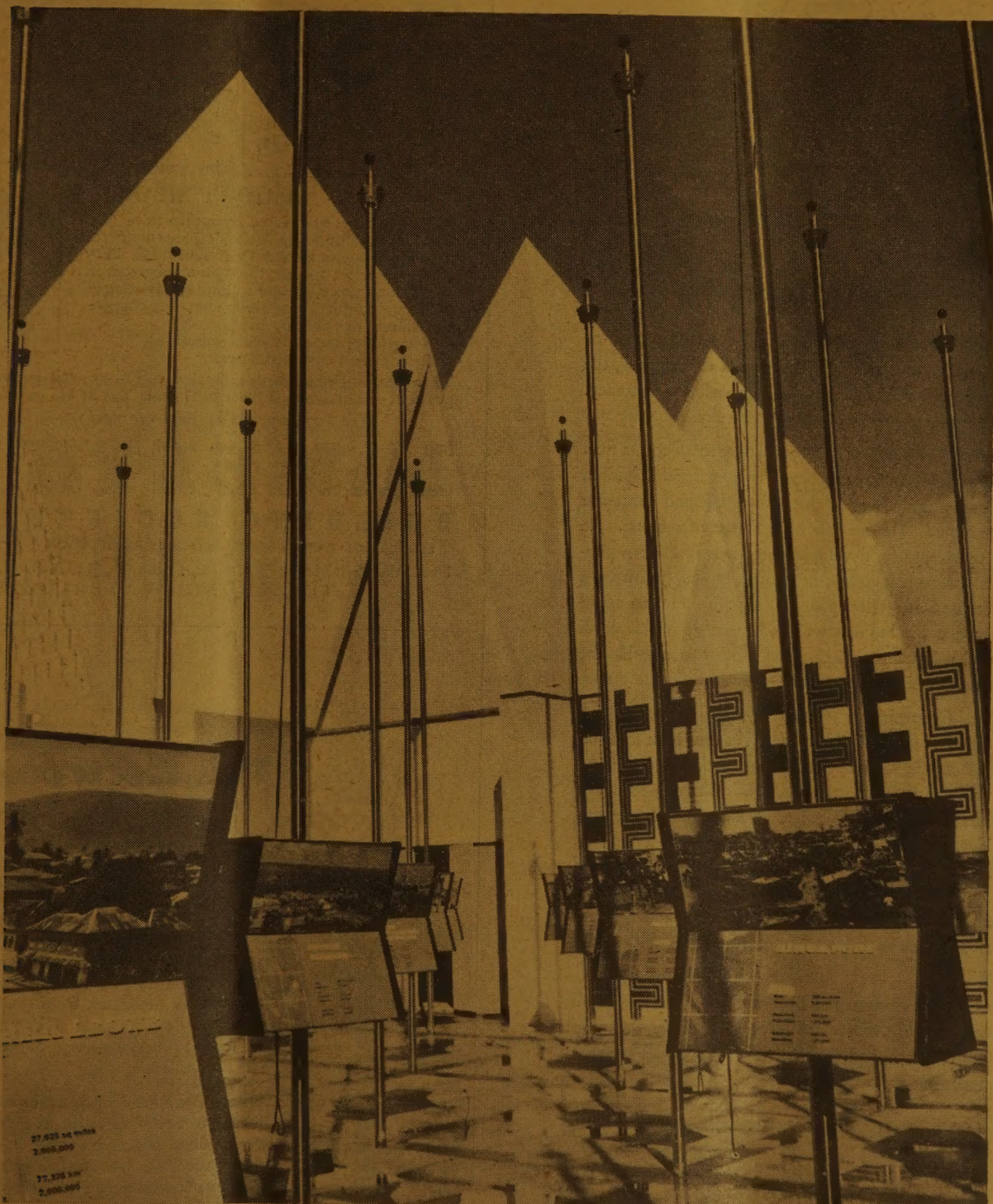
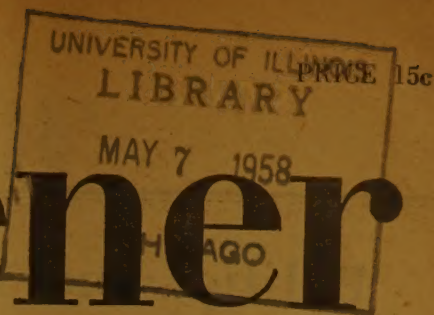


THE LISTENER, APRIL 17, 1958. Vol. LIX. No. 1516

The Listener

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Courtyard of the Commonwealth, in the British Government's pavilion at the 1958 Universal and International Exhibition in Brussels

'Actualit', Brussels

In this number:

The Search for Americanism (H. G. Nicholas)

Ibn Khaldun: Father of Modern Political Science (E. Rosenthal)

Coventry: Test-case of Planning (Percy Johnson-Marshall)

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(I)

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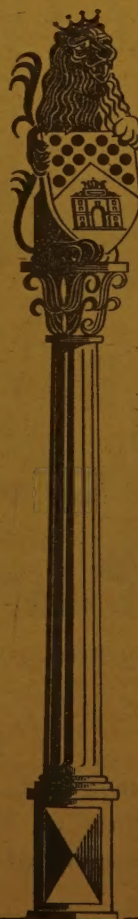
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The Listener

Vol. LIX. No. 1516

Thursday April 17 1958

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The Search for Americanism

By H. G. NICHOLAS

IT is, I think, an indisputable fact that Americans are, as Americans, the most self-conscious people in the world'. The judgement is Henry James', but it springs to mind irresistibly when one is confronted by such a volume as Max Lerner's newly published *America as a Civilisation**. This formidable book, with its 1,000 pages and almost half a million words, is by any standards a remarkable production. Its sheer range of information and judgement, over themes as various as technology and courtship, Congress and Hollywood, is impressive and exciting. There is on every page evidence of massive erudition, quick and generous sympathies, great skill in synthesis and exposition. It is a book which reflects the diversity, power, warmth, and gusto of America itself.

But what is in some respects most remarkable is the whole concept of the book. Most peoples have had the impulse to describe themselves, for their own enlightenment or for foreigners. We all like to go on tours inside the national skull, and there is no reason why Americans, assiduous tourists the world over, should be denied this self-indulgence where their own country is concerned. All the same the sort of national self-portraiture which a book like Lerner's attempts is distinctive in three respects: in its intensely personal roots, and in the breadth and, at the same time, the diffidence of its claims.

'I have tried', says Lerner in his foreword, 'to grasp the pattern and inner meaning of contemporary American civilisation and its relation to the world of today'. Again, he says: 'You write a book not for the elaborate reasons you spell out, but mainly because you can't help it. Whatever I have written, thought, felt in the past has converged on the grand theme of the nature and meaning of the American experience'. Such a personal, inclusive concept of a national culture and civilisation, as something which passes indivisibly through the whole being of one of its members, is, I think, peculiarly American. Or per-

haps I should rather say that the analogy it instantly evokes—and the only one—is the habitual language used by the nineteenth-century Russian intelligentsia, with their continuous concern, as Sir Isaiah Berlin has put it, 'not merely with their purposes as human beings or members of families or classes or professions, but with their condition or mission or future as Russians, members of a unique society with unique problems'. In American writing, at every level, the theme has been recurrent: in Whitman's dithyrambs, in Lincoln's Civil War oratory, in attempts like those made by Dos Passos and Thomas Wolfe to capture the whole American experience in fictional form, in the continuing myth of the Great American Novel which would once for all embody the essence of America.

If Lerner's endeavour is thus personal, the claims he makes for his nation come near to being universal. Without any arrogance or braggadocio he yet advances the considerable assertion that 'To be an American is no longer to be only a nationality. It has become, along with Communism and in rivalry with it, a key pattern of action and values'. And again, 'The American is the archetypal modern man', 'the archetypal man of the West'; 'America ranks, along with Greece and Rome, as one of the great distinctive civilisations of history'.

Yet in such emphatic affirmation there lurks a subtle but persistent self-questioning. Much of the illuminating description of this American civilisation is in fact an argument about its existence, an examination of its claims to distinctiveness. In devoting a section of his book to the basic question of whether America is a civilisation, Lerner warns his reader in advance that 'the going is hard here and the ground treacherous'. Elsewhere at frequent intervals he pauses to point out those phenomena which distinguish American society, or politics, or business, or day-to-day living, from those of other countries and civilisations. The procedure is eminently appropriate and

illuminating, but reliance on it is itself not the least distinctive feature of the culture it describes. The British, the French, or the Italians, for all the relish and assiduity with which they may describe their national and cultural traits, seldom feel called upon to emphasise their distinctiveness; that is something they take for granted. It is the datum line from which all else proceeds.

From this point of view it is instructive to see Lerner as the latest of a considerable line of similar American inquirers. Within the limits of his own particular formula he is preceded most immediately by Harold Stearns, who in 1921 produced *Civilisation in the United States*, a composite work whose contributors took, on the whole, a gloomy view of America's claim to be a civilised society. By 1938, however, when Mr. Stearns again assembled a team of stock-takers, their findings, embodied in a volume entitled *America Now*, were more positive and optimistic about both the existence and the merits of an American civilisation. The war, as might be expected, gave a considerable fillip to this idea, and by the time it was over courses and chairs in American civilisation had become an accepted feature of American colleges and universities; Mr. Lerner himself holds such a chair at Brandeis University, and his book grew out of his teaching there.

Huge Sociological Efflorescence

In addition to the obvious patriotic stimuli for such developments, there already existed in the sociologists and cultural anthropologists formidable academic cohorts whose achievements and ambitions dovetailed smoothly with the concept of a distinctive American way of life. In this connection the Lynds' celebrated book *Middletown*, published in 1929, was something of a landmark, in its annexation of the life of the American small town to the academic agenda; it was the first bloom of a huge sociological efflorescence which has left few corners of American life untouched and has provided richly documented material for the exponents of an American distinctiveness. Indeed, sociology and its related studies—what Americans call 'the behavioural sciences'—now bid fair to be the dominant American academic disciplines. They are the searchlights which Americans at every level of education, from the high school to the professorial chair, are constantly urged to turn on themselves, and beside which other shafts from the lamp of knowledge often seem dim flickerings indeed. Whatever attention Mr. Thurber's fellow-countrymen may have paid at the personal level to his celebrated injunction, 'Leave your mind alone', they have certainly thrown it to the winds in their corporate capacities.

Still more remarkable is the way in which this self-consciousness has seeped down from the academy to every level of popular culture. The study of themselves is, for all Americans, a continuously absorbing occupation. It was the realisation of this that laid the foundation in the nineteen-thirties of the phenomenal success of the picture magazine *Life*, a weekly whose distinctiveness lay in the discovery that the everyday existence of ordinary Americans was of absorbing interest to—ordinary Americans. Even without pictorial aids, even when reduced to the bare bones of statistics, the ordinary man retains his narcissistic fascination. How else explain the popularity of the public opinion poll, another American invention, whose figures of mass attitudes to politics, religion, sex (*via* Kinsey), or art were of interest not only to the manipulators of opinion but also to the manipulated? Indeed, in any country where the public was less self-conscious it is doubtful if the popular co-operation would have been forthcoming which made such national analyses possible. Try to secure in a French provincial town the sort of co-operation that Lynds obtained in Muncie, Indiana; ask English men and women to answer Kinsey questionnaires on their sex life; invite Indians to confess to their voting intentions—and compare the results with those which the American man in the street is willing to provide.

To some extent it is the curiosity of foreigners which has bred this self-scrutiny amongst Americans. Long before Americans began to sociologise themselves, European travellers—a continuous stream of them—were doing it for them. But before the European curiosity there was the American desire for endorsement. 'What do you think of our institutions?' was a question, said Bryce, which Americans asked of every visitor. No country, ancient or modern, has ever been willing to pay so well for an answer, whether from the foreign lecturer with his one-night

stands, or from the foreign consultant, called in like a Gunnar Myrdal at the behest of a philanthropic foundation. The Declaration of Independence itself claimed to proceed from 'a decent respect to the opinions of mankind', thereby implying a recognition of an audience before whom the great new drama of the United States was to be played.

But it soon became apparent that the drama of America was, as it were, continuous, recruiting its cast from its audience, with each recruit as he crossed the footlights feeling a fresh obligation to make an individual avowal of faith. Other countries and civilisations recruited by birth, America by election. Each immigrant who made the Atlantic passage was substituting a conscious citizenship for an unconscious inheritance. He was making himself into an American, whereas nature or providence or history had previously been responsible for making him into an Englishman, a German, or an Italian. And the process of self-conscious Americanisation did not stop with the drying-up of immigration. There was a sense in which even the native-born American came by his national inheritance only by an act of choice, of belief in the values and destiny of America. One sees this in the experience of the American writer throughout the history of the republic. As Alfred Kazin put it in *On Native Ground*:

Our modern writers have had to discover and re-discover and chart the country in every generation, rewriting Emerson's *The American Scholar* in every generation . . . but most still cry America! America! as if we had never known America. As perhaps we have not.

It is a far cry from this spiritual and aesthetic imperative to the crude demand of linguist politicians and demagogues that their fellow-Americans in all sorts of callings and professions should give proof of their Americanism by taking oaths of loyalty to the country and the constitution—so far a cry that to link the two is to combine the best and worst in American life. Yet the link is a real one; behind each injunction lies the feeling that being American is an act of will, an obligation consciously assumed, a state of grace reached only by those who have made a deliberate choice and adoption, an almost religious affirmation.

The problem is, what is the content of this *credo*? What is Americanism? At all levels of American thought and experience this has been a teasing question, so teasing that at the lowest level the disposition has been irresistible to answer it by a negative definition. So Un-American becomes a convenient label to hang around the necks of the unorthodox and dissenters; it is a Committee of Un-American Activities that a patrioteering Congress sets up to deal with subversive and dangerous thoughts. At a more respectable level, the search for a positive content has repeatedly used the concept of Europeanness. Like water-diviners, the explorers of the American idea have wandered over the face of the American continent and the American experience, historical or contemporaneous, watching for the moment when their hazel-twigs would give the twitch that revealed the presence of Europe beneath the surface of America.

A Complex Fate

Unfortunately, as Mr. Boorstin has pointed out, at this stage disagreement sets in. Is America, the real America, to be recognised by the absence of Europe, that continent whose interests at best, as Washington put it, 'to us have none, or a very remote relation'? This is one answer, but for few Americans has it been adequate and final. It was Henry James who wrote: 'It's a complex fate being an American, and one of the responsibilities it entails is fighting against a superstitious valuation of Europe'; but it was also James who left his native shores to settle and write in the most European corners of the Old World that he could find. Or think of Sinclair Lewis, the interpreter of the American heartland, the Middle West, inserting into his famous Nobel Prize oration, that was to celebrate the coming of age of American literature, a castigation of the American literary achievement for not having produced authors that met the critical standards of Europe.

Again, H. L. Mencken, attacking the American literary pantheon of 1926, complained significantly that if Anatole France or Joseph Conrad arrived in New York there would be no single representative of American letters fit to greet them. Yet it was this same Mencken who staked out the claims of American speech

to be a language in its own right, with no obligation to defer to English rules or models. Indeed, amongst living Americans this ambivalence is exactly personified in the *doyen* of American critics, Mr. Edmund Wilson. In one and the same volume of collected essays Mr. Wilson may be found censuring Virginia Woolf for 'pretending that the English spoken by Englishmen and the English spoken by Americans are actually two different languages', while himself endorsing Mencken's claim: 'Since 1919 . . . the American form of English has been rapidly coming into its empire, absorbing for the purposes of literature more and more of the idiom of daily life . . . and pouring it into well-rounded moulds for work that may prove enduring'.

So the ambivalence continues, and in ever-changing forms the

American debate over what is Americanness and whether it has a separate existence goes on. For Europeans also, in any but its most frivolous manifestations, the debate has a continuing pertinence, for we, like Tocqueville a century ago, cannot fail to see in America more than America, to see there some at least of the portents of our own future. But until the question, 'What is distinctively American in America?', finds an answer, we cannot sort out those parts of the American experience which have a validity for us as well. That they have a validity no one can doubt, for whether it is Coca-cola, mass technology, the open society, a lost innocence, a more perfect union, a wave of the future rolls towards the shores of Europe as certainly as in earlier centuries it rolled from Europe to North America.—*Third Programme*

The Satellites—II

Soviet Influence in Rumania and Hungary

By ANTHONY RHODES

IF I first consider Rumania, it is because it is the country I have visited most recently. The official claim of the Communist Party here is that they have brought prosperity and culture into the hands of the people, redistributed land on a popular basis, opened more schools, established cheap restaurants, and so on. 'In Rumania Today', said their President, the late Mr. Groza, addressing the group of foreigners I was among, 'there are no luxury goods—but smoke rises from our factory chimneys. The old corrupt politics of before the war, which benefited only the rich, is over . . . and so he went on.

Some of what he said is undoubtedly true. Rumanian public life before the war was as corrupt as any in Europe. And there is no doubt that the working classes were miserable. Visitors reported that every article or service depending on labour, and not on material, was inexpensive. Nothing appeared cheaper than toil. For hiring, dismissal, sick-leave, holidays, health, the workers were subject to the caprice of powerful owners. Industrialists, if they were clever, could do what they liked.

Unfortunately, the claims of Mr. Groza to have corrected all this are not confirmed by the people themselves. Many of them said that President Groza was a liar, and his government the cruellest that had ever existed in Rumania; that corruption in every branch of industry and commerce was even more widespread than it was before the war. To check all their stories of bad living and working conditions was impossible, although there were dozens of them, to confirm one another. But there were some concrete facts I was able to check. One at least of President Groza's statements, about the absence of luxury, I was able to confirm with my own eyes. The goods in the shop windows of the principal streets, such as Calea Victoria, must repulse all but the most determined or famished of customers. They are thrown in pell-mell, with grubby price tickets attached. Any vestiges of the hated Western or Parisian chic have been removed—and Bucharest used to call itself 'little Paris'. The women of Bucharest, who once rivalled the Parisians in elegance and fashion, are drab and listless as they walk on the pavements; and their overcoats are threadbare at the buttonholes. If they put

on cosmetics, they are accused of being bourgeois. The same can be said for the buildings: what we call 'maintenance' in connection with a house hardly exists; the paint-work outside is blistered and peeling, the cornices crumble and fall. If the tidy lace curtains of the bourgeois world have disappeared for ever, as the government proudly claims, with them too has gone bourgeois self-respect.



In a Rumanian market

Three months before this I was in Hungary. As far as living conditions are concerned, the situation is identical. But I here made a point of visiting the poorer districts, the Maria Valeria telep and the Vaghold utca of the tenth district, where people live in shacks, with eight or ten persons to a room. One can only speak to them by means of signs; but they will pull you into their rooms and ask you to photograph their misery. They have not the least idea whether you are from 'Tass' or the West—they hardly know what the West is. They simply want to express their loathing of their present way of life to any curious visitor. On their

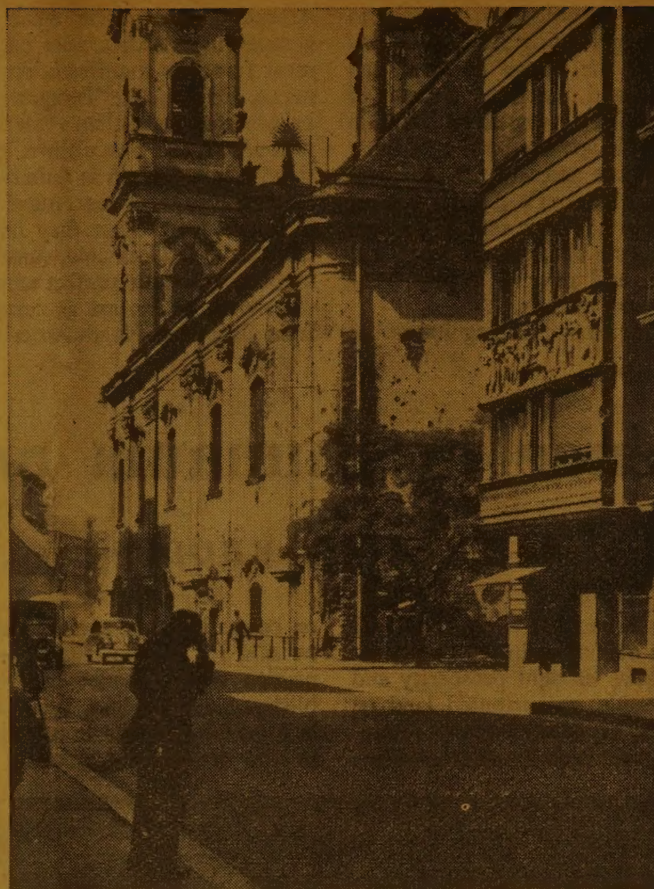
fingers they will illustrate their monthly wages. One of them was a packer in a factory, and she earned about £15 a month; of this sum about two-thirds goes on basic food. Rates of exchange give no fair idea of money. The only way to compare East and West is to say that there, in the satellite countries, about a week's work will buy a worker a pair of shoes.

Even in the 'advanced' satellite countries, such as Czechoslovakia—and Prague seems a city of plenty compared with Budapest or Bucharest—the wage scales are below those in the neighbouring Austria and West Germany. Poland is now a little better than Hungary and Rumania. But a Polish professor of economics smiled when asked why Poland is bidding so successfully for shipbuilding orders. 'It is our low labour costs', he said. 'I would like to think it is efficient shipyards. But it's only low pay'.

'How do we live?' a Rumanian laughed cynically. 'I will tell you. We steal, if you prefer to call it by the right name. We take materials home from the factory. Sometimes we get caught; but not often. Everyone does it'. The number of cases in the local newspapers announcing 'thefts of government property' confirms his words.

Even government statistics in Budapest and Bucharest show that the worker's cost of living is well above the worker's average wage. All that remains for these people, then, is theft, the Black Market, private trading, extra night work.

In spite of this, in Hungary an economic recovery staggering even to the Communists themselves has taken place since the destruction of the 1956 revolution. Unfortunately for the regime, it is not due to them or their system: it is due to the fact that when, sometime in January 1957, the Hungarian people realised that no help would come from the West, they decided there was nothing else to do but to keep alive. This involved working hard; and they are a clever, industrious people. Secondly, even more important, in the critical days after November 1956 the Communists, in desperation, shelved the Marxist-Leninist economics which had brought one of the richest agricultural countries in Eastern Europe to the point of starvation, and allowed the National Bank and one or two practical economists a free hand. These men applied what were virtually capitalist remedies: tight money, no public investments, the very basis of Communist economics, inflation as a means of checking purchasing, loans of any kind they could lay their hands on. This included a vast Russian loan, a third of it in convertible Western currency, enabling Hungary to obtain the raw materials to get her factories going again. They also jettisoned another tenet of



Church in Budapest bearing the scars of the second world war
Photographs by Anthony Rhodes

Communist faith, the 'compulsory deliveries' of the peasants.

We see, therefore, that if, during these months of 1957, Communism with its trials and summary executions was very much alive, economically it was in a coma. In the long run this may well prove to be the most important discovery of the Hungarian revolution—the bankruptcy of Communism as an economic method.

To finish: what can be said in favour of Communism in these countries as far as living conditions are concerned? Not all their measures have been bad or unsuccessful, outside the domain of economics. A successful attack has been made on illiteracy, and many new primary schools have been opened. Often, before, the landowners would not allow their peasants to go to school. Health and social services have been instituted; although they are not as advanced as those in Great Britain. There are old-age pensions. Tractor factories have been built. The Communists may legitimately point to these things. But they remain always overwhelmingly handicapped by Communism as a serious economic system. Nationalised shopkeepers steal their own goods—because they

know they are not their own goods. In these countries where almost everything is 'government property' this means a continuous, truceless battle between populace and officialdom; or, to put it in the old language which is still new today, between the people and the aristocracy.—General Overseas Service

Africa Alive

A view of the economic landscape by TOM SOPER

ECONOMICS has earned for itself the reputation of being 'the dismal science', and the current academic interest in the economic problems of underdeveloped areas has done little to change that. Many economists in their analysis of the conditions of life in the so-called backward countries have drawn a harsh picture of poverty and human misery. The *per capita* national incomes are low, the ratios of capital to population are low, the standards of education are low, the expectation of life is low, wages are low; indeed, all that seems to be high is the death rate. It is small wonder that in the face of such an array of discouraging statistics the indigenous inhabitants of these territories feel somewhat uncertain of themselves; their performance always seems to be assessed by contrast with the glittering achievements of other countries.

But, we are told, it is not simply that these countries are poor. Many are stagnant and in the grip of what has become known as the vicious circle of poverty. Nothing fails like failure. There are forces tending to act and react on each other in such a way as to keep them poor. Many of their people, for example, are underfed; being underfed they are often physically weak and unhealthy, with the result that their working capacity is low; and this in turn means that they will continue not having enough to eat. Nor is this all. There is the further difficulty, the pessimists

say, that even where the vicious circle has been broken and development has occurred it has been of small account compared with the continuing development of our already flourishing Western economies. So that even if the absolute poverty of the less developed countries is decreasing, their relative poverty continues to increase. This alleged widening of economic inequalities among nations is a theme that has recently been sharply emphasised by Dr. Myrdal in his book *Economic Theory and Underdeveloped Regions**. This thesis I find hard to believe, and even if there is an element of truth in it to what extent can the poverty of nations be ascribed to a vicious circle of conditions inhibiting economic developments in certain regions of the world?

Two economic publications of considerable significance have now appeared which provide a much needed and strong antidote to the literature of gloom: P. T. Bauer's *Economic Analysis and Policy in Underdeveloped Countries*†, and *The Economics of Underdeveloped Countries*‡ by P. T. Bauer and B. S. Yamey. My purpose is to concentrate on certain issues raised by them and to relate these issues to east and central Africa: not only because I have a special interest in this part of the world but because, certainly in the case of the two Rhodesias, industrial development has proceeded at a remarkably rapid rate and thus they offer an excellent testing ground for theories of underdevelopment.

* Duckworth, 18s. † C.U.P., 22s. 6d. ‡ C.U.P., 10s. 6d.

The first point to make, I think, is that the significant thing about the African economy in this century is not that it is stagnant but that it is remarkably dynamic by comparison not only with its own past standards but by any standard. It might be too much to say, with the Belgian colonial administrator M. van den Abeele, that 'Central Africa has lived through nineteen centuries in the space of fifty years', but it is certainly true that the past fifty-odd years have been a period of revolutionary economic change. During this time countless thousands of Africans have graduated, so to speak, from a mud- or grass-hut economy to an economy of brick, mortar, and concrete. Men and women whose lives were dominated a mere generation ago by the witch doctor now submit themselves to advanced forms of medical treatment. Thousands of children are now at school in a continent which, when Livingstone began his work in it just over a century ago, knew nothing whatever of education in the formal sense. Now all these—the hospitals, the schools, the universities and technical colleges, the research institutes—are the outward and visible results of economic development which has been as rapid as anything of the kind in human history. I believe, with Bauer and Yamey, that the tensions and frustrations which are undoubtedly present in African society today are as much the product of this sudden leap into new forms of activity as of a dragging of the feet.

Widening the Range of Choice

What, however, should be the aims of economic development? For Bauer and Yamey its most important single objective is 'the widening of the range of effective choice', and by this criterion nobody could call Africa's story unimpressive. In the tribal subsistence economy of the past its inhabitants lived—as many of them continue to live—a narrow, isolated, and restricted life. Even if they had wanted to they could not have escaped it, for the least disturbance to its finely balanced equilibrium would have brought disaster. Today markets are being widened, specialisation in production and exchange is coming about, real net incomes are rising and life is offering new horizons of personal advancement and achievement. I know perfectly well that there is another side to all this, that tribal life offered many satisfactions and social cohesion lacking today; that some of the housing conditions in urban areas are appalling, that some African rural reserves are pitifully decaying, and that the exclusion of Africans in certain territories from a permanent participation in the modern money economy has made much distress and hardship. But concentration on the many anomalies that exist has tended to make people forget that any advance at all has taken place and to make them think that most of Africa is economically stagnant—just a rural and an urban slum. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Furthermore, one of the most heartening aspects of these developments is the way in which many African individuals are responding to the new demands and responsibilities placed upon them. True one hears a great deal about the African's innate lethargy, his gauche attitude to modern incentives, his habit of living only for the day, his unwillingness to set aside immediate satisfaction so as to provide for a future. Obviously there is an element of truth in all this, but it is not the whole truth. It stems partly perhaps from the feeling that economic development is something that can be accomplished only by highly paid, highly qualified technical experts accompanied by millions of pounds' worth of the latest equipment of every shape and form. But Bauer and Yamey so rightly stress that growth comes through the contributions, adaptations, and initiative of quite humble individuals.

In some of the rural economies most significant progress has been made in increasing the net output of African agriculture by the small but important investments that have been made by the peasants themselves. The acquisition of a plough, or of a better plough, may not seem a great deal to a sophisticated outside observer, but to the individual concerned it may be that vital first step in moving from a subsistence to a money economy. Not only that, but by bearing a direct and personal responsibility for his course of action the individual acquires a far deeper understanding of the requirements and obligations of the money economy.

In their habits of consumption, too, Africans do not appear to me to be unduly backward. One has only to wander through the African trading centres to see that nothing short of the best-

branded European articles are wanted. Bicycles, furniture, wireless sets, even cars are eagerly sought after. Advertisements in African newspapers do not give the impression that their wants are static and that they need to be goaded out of their lethargy before any substantial improvement in their economic condition can take place.

Social Yearnings

Further, there is a growing diversity of wants and standards. We too readily regard Africans as just an undifferentiated mass. Whereas, apart from the broad distinction that may be drawn between the rural tribal African and the urban one, there are many grades within these groups. Urban Africans alone are rapidly sorting themselves out into social strata, and perhaps one of our failures in urban policy today is not to recognise this adequately. There can be few more frustrating experiences than for an ambitious and proud man who wishes to conserve his resources, so as to set up a clean and proper home and to educate his children, to be herded about and treated as if he were no different from an uncouth vagrant. Once involved in a money economy Africans are subjected to precisely the same economic and social yearnings as we are. The possession of a wireless makes you just that little better than your neighbour. Advertisements in African newspapers will not tell you simply that such-and-such a commodity is good, but that only the best people have it. Indeed, Mr. So-and-So, a leading socialite, says so. That is what widening the range of effective choice entails, and no one who has visited African towns could doubt that it is happening on an enormous scale.

What is also clear is that there are many Africans with substantial resources and the desire to put them to the best possible use by investing in land, housing, commerce, and the like. However low income per head may be there are always some people who will save part of it and invest it, augment the stock of capital and by so doing improve their condition or that of their children. What stops more people from doing this is not that they are poor but that the social, economic, and political environment is so unstable or places a small premium on personal achievement and endeavour. And precisely similar factors inhibit the overall growth of an economy. It is not poverty that inhibits investment but an unfavourable economic and social climate.

In combating the idea of the underdeveloped world circumscribed for ever by a vicious circle, Bauer and Yamey draw support from the history of the economically advanced countries of the world which, after all, were once as poor as, or even poorer than, some of the underdeveloped countries are now. Yet internal capital accumulation took place and the vicious circle was broken. The point is often made that Africa in the nineteen-fifties is where England was in the seventeen-fifties. Certainly it is a healthy and chastening exercise to remember that we too passed through a phase of development, with the agrarian and industrial revolutions of the eighteenth century, not dissimilar from that which Africa is passing through today. A knowledge of the difficulties and frustrations that faced our community then stimulates a sympathetic understanding of what African societies are facing now. But Bauer and Yamey rightly caution against too facile a comparison, and I would like to enlarge on this because attempts at too close a comparison can be positively dangerous.

Contrast with the Traditional Economy

In Africa the essence of the agrarian, economic, and social revolution is that a money economy is with alarming rapidity growing up alongside of a subsistence economy and in concert with it. It is through the enlargement of the money or exchange economy that economic development for good or ill is taking place. African participation in the money sector may be through the growing of cash crops, or through the provision of labour services in exchange for money wages, or through trade and distributive activities. The essence of the movement is that, with the widening of the market, labour is becoming more specialised, and the process of production, distribution, and exchange is associated with the use of money. All this, of course, is in violent contrast to the traditional African subsistence economy where the market was local and small, exchange was on a limited scale, the

(continued on page 663)

The Listener

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'Brussels 1958'

TODAY sees the opening at Brussels of the Universal and International Exhibition. According to reports over forty nations are taking part and an estimated attendance of something like 50,000,000 visitors is expected before the doors close in October. The general theme of the exhibition is a declaration of faith in man's ability to mould the atomic age to the ultimate advantage of the peoples of the world. It is a large and admirable purpose.

When international exhibitions are talked of it is natural to recall our own Great Exhibition of 1851, the 'Peace-Festival', as Queen Victoria called it, 'which united the industry of all the nations of the earth'. The object of that exhibition was to bring the world to London so that it could be given (in Prince Albert's words) 'a living picture of the point of development at which mankind has arrived and a new starting point from which all nations will be able to direct their future exertions'. The project was launched in an age that was confident of itself and exuded a strong belief in the possibilities of permanent peace and progress. It is, alas, a commonplace to observe that the present exhibition, however much its aims may coincide with those outlined by Prince Albert over a hundred years ago, is surrounded with a rather different atmosphere. We in our day know more than our forefathers could possibly have known, not only of the results of technical progress but also of the difficulties man encounters in his efforts to control that progress and put it to beneficent use. That we live in a world stripped of Victorian illusions cannot be counted for loss. The cost has been great and the dangers we face are immeasurably greater. Yet to realise the dangers is or certainly should be the first step towards overcoming them.

Concerning exhibitions generally, although we in these islands were responsible for the great precursor of these displays, one wonders sometimes whether the English really warm to exhibitions. The word itself does not enjoy a wholly favourable aura in our language. We none of us like to make exhibitions of ourselves and to call a man an exhibitionist is not to flatter him. Moreover, on the pedestrian level exhibitions are not, so to say, everybody's cup of tea. There have been exhibitions, laid out on a far smaller scale than the present one, at which there has been so much to see that you have hardly known where to turn and have been glad enough to discover a place of refreshment where you could rest your feet—and have the kind of cup of tea you *do* enjoy. According to one account it would take 'a fast walker three and a half days to see the whole Brussels Exhibition and then of course he would see nothing in detail'. The heart tends to sink at this prospect—to rise again, however, when you read of cable cars to carry you round the site as well as a helicopter station and (blessed relief) a Hall of Welcome where you can take a nap. Indeed, it is pretty clear that, so far as material comforts and aids to viewing go, the visitor's needs will be amply catered for, so that he should have plenty of time not only to learn something of the culture and achievements of the participating nations but also—which is just as important—to reflect on what he sees.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Mr. Khrushchev's visit to Hungary

ON HIS RETURN TO MOSCOW after his eight-day tour of Hungary Mr. Khrushchev was quoted as saying, at the Lenin Stadium, that it had been 'simply wonderful'. He went on to say that though Russia and her 'allies' would never start a war, if they were forced to fight one they would be ready. He added:

The Bible says: 'If thine enemy smite thee, turn the other cheek'. But we say we shall hit back at both cheeks.

However, everyone knew that war could only bring ruin, and the Soviet Union had other ways of 'carrying on the struggle against the enemy'. He added: 'We must produce more goods, and then we shall show the Americans, and we shall see who eats most and has the most clothes'. Similar references to 'showing' the 'enemy' were heard in a number of Mr. Khrushchev's speeches in Hungary. Speaking at Tatabanya, Mr. Khrushchev said there were two 'essential conditions' for the victory of 'socialism': higher productivity in, and unity between, the 'socialist' countries. 'We must not', he said, 'give the enemy an opportunity to set us by the ears'. He would like to repeat to his audience at Tatabanya the 'critical' remarks he made at Stalinvaros, 'because you are my friends, brother miners':

Some Hungarians, including some miners, called the counter-revolution a revolution. To a revolutionary this is as if a hen were to crow like a cock.

Mr. Khrushchev then gave the customary explanation of the Red Army going to the 'help of the whole fraternal Hungarian people', and went on:

If you have taken power into your hands, do not yield to the enemy, but hang on to it. If you do not hold power you cannot beat the enemy; the enemy will beat you. You disobeyed this dictum somewhat. . . . In Stalinvaros I said: 'Comrades, do not fall out of step any more. Be more discerning as to the intrigues of the enemy, give him a worthy riposte should he raise his head, so that we should not have to help you out later'. . . . We do not advise the enemies of the working class to try our patience and organise new provocations. We declare that should another provocation against any socialist country be allowed to occur, the provocateurs will have *all* the countries of the socialist camp to deal with. The Soviet Union is always ready to come to the aid of its friends.

Mr. Khrushchev then reaffirmed, before his Hungarian audience, that the Soviet Union 'stands for the non-interference of states in the internal affairs of other countries':

This is real peaceful coexistence. Every people has the right to the state order it wishes to have. . . . But capitalism is a worn-out old nag, while socialism is an order . . . where there are no exploited and no exploiters.

Moscow radio added that Mr. Khrushchev's speech was frequently interrupted by 'tempestuous applause'. Western correspondents present said the speech was received in silence, and police blocked the gates to prevent thousands trying to leave.

In Cegled Mr. Khrushchev said that 'imperialist reaction' had prophesied that he would not dare 'stick his nose' in Hungary, and he had received a telegram from a 'well-wisher' saying: 'Mr. Khrushchev, do not go to Hungary! Or if you do, take as many guards with you as possible'. He went on:

We do, of course, have guards. But however many guards we have, if the people did not support us, guards would be of no avail. The people are a great power: they overthrow the thrones of kings. They carry out great revolutions. . . .

Budapest radio quoted Mr. Kadar as saying:

The Hungarian people loves the Soviet Union sincerely and profoundly. . . . A sea of people on the roads, bouquets of flowers, smiles like the joys of spring, warm handshakes—what could more vividly express the fullness of the feelings of the Hungarian people.

A Khrushchev-Kadar declaration issued at the end of Mr. Khrushchev's visit, in addition to calling on the United States and Britain to follow the Soviet example and suspend nuclear tests, reaffirmed that the East European countries could not be discussed at a summit meeting. The *communiqué* also called for the liquidation of military bases on foreign territory.

Did You Hear That?

LONDON'S CHANGING SKYLINE

'THE DAY MAY YET COME', said BARBARA HOOPER in 'Radio Newsreel', 'when travellers sailing up the Thames will take for granted skyscrapers on London's waterfront. The day is not here yet, but it is that part of London—the City—that is having its old horizons most altered by giant glass-and-concrete blocks. If you go up to the stone gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral you can see new buildings nosing up above the general level, north, south, east, and west. Behind St. Paul's there is Gateway House and the rising structure of a tall, new home for *The Financial Times*. Beyond that, more and bigger white boxes: the office block by Guildhall, the new Lloyd's offices in Lime Street, for instance. Close by the cathedral there is the new Bank of England building, not yet finished. It is different from the glass-and-concrete boxes and rather dignified—a red-brick crescent with a twelve-storey tower. Further east in the City a cluster of those square white buildings catches the eye—all of them up to eight or ten storeys. And east again, towards Aldgate and Islington, three tall, narrow blocks stand up straight and square from the dim, irregular, older skyline with its battlements and pinnacles and its wedding-cake tops of churches.

'That is the picture now all over London. Look north along Fleet Street, for instance. Not long ago the only square-topped white building was *The Daily Telegraph* office; now there is also Hulton House, eight storeys high, and St. Bride's House, much the same height. Stand on the banks of the Serpentine in Hyde Park: a few months ago you could not see a building above the treetops, and now at least four storeys of the central tower on a huge building rear high above the trees. In and around Oxford Street at least two new shopping blocks are going up, some eight storeys high. If you go up the tower of Westminster Cathedral, as I have done, the view over that part of the West End is changing, too. Above the cluster of old dark roofs and chimneys you can pick out new office buildings in Whitehall, an engineering block behind Buckingham Palace, twelve- and fourteen-storey blocks of flats near Paddington Station, and others down in Pimlico, and the tower of the massive London Transport headquarters by St. James's Park. Soon, if you walk through St. James's Park towards the Mall, 200 feet and more of the not-yet-built New Zealand House will partly block the view up Haymarket.

'If planning permission is given, there may be hotels in Park Lane and Lancaster Gate that are more than 300 feet high, and over on the South Bank of the Thames work has already begun on an office block 330 feet high—nearly as high as St. Paul's'.

THE WHITE STORK

The European white stork is sadly decreasing in numbers. The plight of these birds has been brought to the attention of the International Committee of Bird Preservation, an organisation with a head office at the Natural History Museum in London. The Secretary of this organisation, PHYLLIS BARCLAY SMITH, described the white stork and its habits in a talk in the Home Service.

'The white stork', she said, 'is a slender but fairly large bird. It stands nearly three feet tall and it has a languid, lazy flight and can perch with dignity even on a chimney stack. It is a lovely bird, as I am sure you would agree if you saw it circling slowly in the air against a brilliantly blue sky. Its body is white—a really dazzling white—the edges of the wings are black, and its long legs stretched out behind in flight are red. The beak is red also, and the eyes are grey and thoughtful,



White storks nesting in Morocco

and apparently capable of registering your every movement.

'The white stork has always played a large part in legend and superstition. The ancient Egyptians regarded it as the symbol of childish thankfulness, the Romans as the emblem of paternal love, and more recently legends attributed the arrival of babies to the storks. Storks nest in many European countries and also in north-west Africa, Asia, and Japan. Those that nest in Europe every spring, in autumn migrate south to Africa. They take two different routes: the birds that nest in Austria, for instance, travel through Asia Minor, Palestine, and Egypt to South Africa, while the Dutch storks go through Spain and Morocco, where you see the birds nesting on the high walls and among the pink and blue roofs that rise in clusters from the deserts.

'The stork has been held in esteem since the days of the Greek philosopher Pliny, when the punishment for killing a stork was death. But this beautiful bird has not fared very well. For many years its numbers have been decreasing. It is seen no more in Switzerland, only a few nesting pairs remain in Denmark.

In Holland, I can remember, it was a common sight to see these birds solemnly walking about the fields looking for frogs and grasshoppers. Even as recently as 1930 there were 300 breeding pairs there. Today the figure is probably something round about fifty.

'In some countries, instead of leaving the birds to find nesting places for themselves, the authorities actually build artificial platforms for them on the top of high wooden structures. This scheme has met with some success, but today it seems that some birds are becoming lazy; it has been observed that they are not satisfied with nesting platforms, they want the nests themselves to be made for them. There are many reasons



White stork in flight

why the white stork is decreasing in numbers: many birds meet their deaths by flying into overhead wires, many are shot in some countries of western Europe, although protected by law there, and there are also reports of whole flocks being destroyed in the Lebanon and the Sudan. A favourite food for the stork is locusts, and in countries where locust swarms are attacked and killed with poison storks may die from eating these contaminated insects.

'It was agreed at a conference of the International Committee for Bird Preservation in Southern Rhodesia last year that a general census should be organised in all regions where the stork has bred. Twenty-one countries have been asked to take part in the scheme, and it is hoped that a step forward will be made towards finding means of maintaining the numbers of this famous bird'.

A PALACE FOR KING SAUD

'In his lofty studio, crammed with books, pictures, and models, the Rome architect, Doctor Armando Brasini, showed me plans and photographs of one of the largest tasks he has ever undertaken', said B.B.C. correspondent PATRICK SMITH in 'The Eye-witness'. 'Nearly four years ago he was asked to design a palace for King Saud to be erected at Riyadh in Saudi Arabia. Dr. Brasini told me that he engaged fifty assistants to help him with the plans and models, after he himself had paid two visits to Saudi Arabia for talks with the King and his Ministers to find out exactly what was required. The models and plans took eighteen months to complete.

'The palace with its minarets and golden mosaic domes, its pointed Arab arches, cool terraces, fountains, and baths, has a frontage nearly three-quarters of a mile long. There were special problems in the planning, Dr. Brasini told me, for the King desired harem quarters for eighty women. Each is in effect a luxurious apartment with a private lift and stairway and a private corridor to the King's apartments. Then, too, there are reception rooms of great splendour, and a banqueting hall to accommodate between 600 and 700 guests. Accommodation for the Saudi Arabian Ministers, most of whom are related to the King, prayer-rooms and splendid private apartments for the King himself, have also been planned. The total cost will be about £2,000,000.

'As well as splendid mosaics, beautiful marbles from local quarries are being used for its decoration. Perhaps to our western eyes the model looks very much like a masterpiece of the confectioner's art, but it will be cool, airy, and practical in a country where there are few labour problems'.

CHARMS OF WISLEY GARDENS

'In spite of the formal bedding near the Royal Horticultural Society's offices, and the famous trial grounds where new plants are tested', said ELIZABETH COXHEAD in 'Town and Country', 'the general impression I brought away from Wisley was of a wild garden, although I know perfectly well that it is only kept that way by ceaseless labour and consummate art. Its many little hills are wooded with old Scots pines and silver birch, and the dells are thick with rhododendrons and azaleas, which blaze with colour in May. But some connoisseurs feel that this time of year suits the rather delicate nature of the landscape even better.

'Perhaps the loveliest sight was the Alpine meadow, sheeted

with miniature daffodils, the hoop-petticoat and the cyclamen-shaped. They have run wild by the thousand, and nowhere else in the country is there anything quite like them. Even Wordsworth's wild daffodils of the Lake District would look a trifle clodhopping in comparison. Next to them is the woodland garden, and as you emerge from its shade the heather garden blazes at you across a stretch of lawn. The rock-garden was fairly empty still, but I thought the Alpine glass-house above it was at its very best—a positive jeweller's window of tiny saxifrages, gentians, cyclamens, and primulas. There is also a collection of fritillaries, green and brown and smoky purple, brought back from the 1957 plant-hunting expedition to Turkey.

'Under the pines of a slope called Battleston Hill a few rhododendrons were showing colour, but the reigning shrub was camellia. It was blooming vigorously in a fascinating variety of colours and shapes—from the buttonhole rosette to singles as graceful as water-lilies, and doubles which at a distance you could mistake for rambler roses. I was puzzled by little wire cages filled with dead bracken, till I realised that is the Society's way of protecting their lilies. At Wisley you constantly pick up such tips.

That is part of its charm. Some great gardens discourage the amateur by their formal splendour, but Wisley, for all its big scale, is somehow intimate and friendly'.

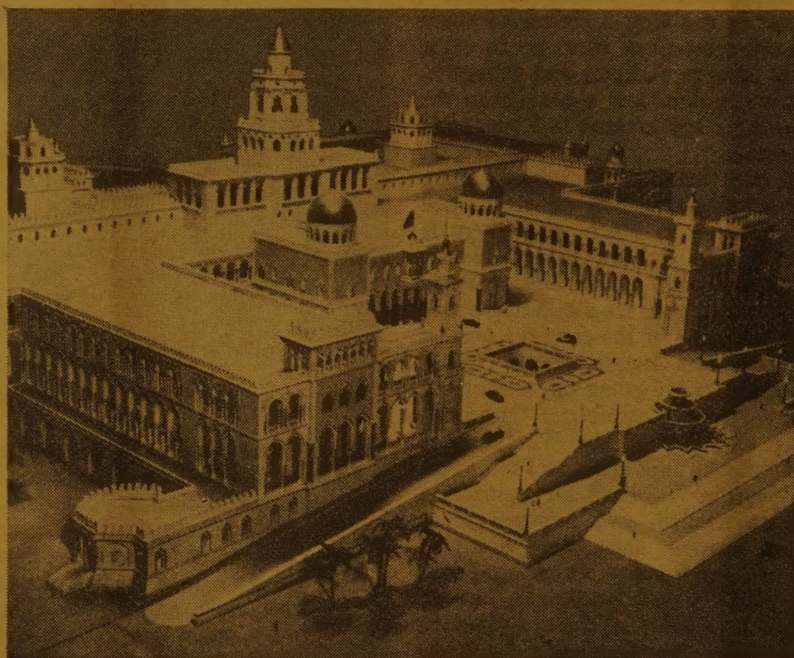
THE MANGLE

'In the days before laundries were dreamed of', said JAMES R. GREGSON in 'The Northcountryman', 'before even the charcoal iron had displaced the primitive flat-iron, the mangle was a great boon and patronised as such. For twopence or threepence you could have the family wash smoothed and pressed as well, and more neatly, than by most laundries today—not to mention the pleasure of spending an hour or two getting all the scandal and chit-chat of the town from your cronies.

'You turned in at the ginnel entrance under the sign that said "Mangling done here", handed over your basket of clothes to my aunts, and had no more to bother about than the turning of the mangle for your own batch of washing. The actual folding and wrapping of the clothes, and the rolling of them into a long winding sheet round a wooden roller was always done by my grand-aunts. It demanded a fair amount of skill to make sure that the clothes got an even pressure.

'The mangle itself was a lumbering contraption which occupied at least a third of the floor space. The base and framework were battleship-built of oak—four to five yards in length, five feet wide, and about four feet high. Inside this framework was a huge, coffin-like box, as long and almost as wide as the structure and about a foot thick. This box contained two huge masses of Yorkshire millstone grit, weighing between them, at a guess, about two tons.

'The box ran on the rollers round which the washing had been wrapped. It was propelled by means of thick leather straps fastened to a small drum which could be turned by a cranked handle. And from morning till night—sometimes even after bed-time—fresh rollers of clothes would replace those that were finished, fresh relays of women would arrive, exchange news, comments and suppositions, each taking a turn at the wheel, and each departing when duty called or conscience chided. And through all the noise and gossip the old mangle slowly creaked and groaned backwards and forwards from one limit to the other'.



Model of the palace designed for King Saud of Saudi Arabia by the Italian architect Armando Brasini

Father of Modern Political Science

E. ROSENTHAL on Ibn Khaldun

DAMASCUS had fallen to the Mongol conqueror. Tamerlane, seated in his tent, listened to Ibn Khaldun who had been let down the wall of Damascus to be received in audience. Power confronted the scientist of power. What did the two men talk about? The fortunes of war? Victors and vanquished? Rulers and subjects? Perhaps. But we know that they discussed power and authority, ranging from the Babylonians, the Persians and the Greeks to the Arabs and the Turks. Tamerlane asked his visitor about the Abbasid Caliphate, and Ibn Khaldun explained the origin and history of the ideal theocracy of Islam, creator of a great, far-flung empire.

Machiavelli and Bismarck

Machiavelli achieved notoriety especially among the moralists of this country with his concept of Reason of State. This allowed him to bow to political necessity and to condone violence, treason, breaking faith, and murder. Yet, like other exponents of *Realpolitik*—Bismarck, for example—he was a reformer; and as Bismarck sought the unification of Germany, so Machiavelli sought the unification of Italy. He was not a political scientist first of all; he was not detached enough. His views are not really dispassionate. He was a Christian whose God was deeply concerned in politics: he was a Florentine whose city had thriven upon internal strife and external rivalry and intrigue. He knew that 'there are two ways of contesting, one by law, the other by force: the first is proper to men, the second to beasts . . . It is necessary for a prince to understand how to avail himself of the beast and the man'.

A more scientific and dispassionate examination of politics was conducted in the fourteenth century by Ibn Khaldun, a Muslim thinker who acquired his experience in the city states of North Africa and Spain. There was little personal security, but there was ancient culture amidst religious inertia. For, in fact, a great idea, a great system, was in decay. The mind of the thinker who conformed to established tradition was free to consider situations and societies as they are, and without ideological prejudice. Ibn Khaldun, descendant of one of the Prophet's supporters, even in writing about his own Arabs of whom he was proud, writes with complete detachment about their weaknesses. He does not blame them. He states facts. He observes. He knows the glorious past of his own civilisation; he knows that the Caliphate represented the best, the ideal state. But he is aware that it is gone and he does not want to restore it. The absolute values of faith and morals which it represented are still there, he does not question them, he accepts them. On them rests his freedom of inquiry, his power of judgement. Against their background, on their foundation, he surveys the contemporary scene, takes a hand in the slippery game of politics, of dynastic quarrels and power-rivalries. In his dispassionate, observant mind a great discovery is made: his study has yielded the secret of historical objectivity. At the end of an epoch empiricism is born in a mind reared in a great tradition in which he is firmly rooted. Living in a backwater of history, he can nevertheless look on his environment so objectively that his inquiry yields results applicable to human civilisation as a whole. Historical objectivity establishes laws, it analyses, but it shuns value judgements and blue-prints for the millennium.

A hundred and thirty years before *Il Principe*, Ibn Khaldun arrived in Cairo from North Africa with his unfinished history of Islamic civilisation and its introduction (*Muqaddima*) and was invited to teach in the Azhar University. He was fifty years old. Born in Tunis in 1332, he received at its university a thorough education in the traditional Islamic and the philosophical disciplines. At the age of twenty he entered upon a long, chequered public career. For ten years he delighted in the intrigues between members of the Merinide dynasty who were competing for power.

After two years in prison he tried his fortunes with the sultan of Granada who sent him on a mission to Peter the Cruel of Seville. From Granada he moved to Bougie where he acted as Prime Minister. When his master was murdered Ibn Khaldun led Berber contingents as general, or recruited mercenaries for the several Muslim dynasties in North Africa. Here he observed and rationalised the driving forces of political power, learnt the art of war, and recognised the importance of army finance. He discovered the fundamental difference between nomadic and settled life, between country and town. In 1383 he moved to Cairo, determined on a life of study, writing, and teaching. He died in Cairo in 1406.

It was an empirical training, against the background or upon the foundation of Muslim faith, philosophy, and law. Muslim philosophy had attempted a synthesis of the ideal Caliphate with Plato's ideal Republic. Muslim jurists were committed to finding the *Sharia* (the law revealed to the Prophet) applicable to contemporary society. Ibn Khaldun does not quarrel with his inheritance. He was an orthodox judge with a strict view of his duty. For him the Muslim State is the best state, since it alone enables man to attain happiness in this world and in the world to come. As such it provides the norm to which the actual state is related, but like his contemporary, the Christian Marsiglio of Padua, he does not advocate a return to this ideal society. Human association is a necessity. Aristotle had said so, but Ibn Khaldun is not expounding Aristotle. His argument is based on his experience. Association for mutual help and protection is useless without power and authority. Men will destroy one another without a restraining authority recognised by all. Power confers authority.

You might think that this is much the same argument as *Leviathan*, but it is not. Hobbes is consciously applying the principles of analytical philosophy to civil government. Ibn Khaldun is examining society directly as he sees it. He uses no mechanism of contract. He is not academic. To translate the will to power into actual power, a strong man needs the support of like-minded men. Ibn Khaldun has learned from Arab tribes and their absorption in the Islamic empire that this support is given only by ties of blood and family. These ties create a sense of solidarity, mutual responsibility, united action. Joined to the will for power this solidarity is the formative force in states and dynasties, soon transcending tribalism and common descent and replacing it by common ambition to maintain and extend power and influence. This dynamic and collective force he calls *Asabiya*. The stability of a political order rests on the strength of this *Asabiya*. The *Asabiya* depends on the reinforcement of natural ties by some common ideal, such as religion.

Recipe for Power

This diagnosis has a double significance. On one side it is historically real. This union of organism and faith, of tribal community and ideal, is in fact a genuine political recipe for power. A modern historian could give many examples of it, where he could find none to illustrate the contractual theories of liberal political theorists. But also it is true to the history of Islam: Muhammad started with blood brotherhood and transformed it into a brotherhood of faith. Allowing for some inconsistencies in thought, Ibn Khaldun believed that political stability is greatest when Islam penetrates and invigorates family ties.

Ibn Khaldun refutes the view of the Muslim philosophers that prophecy is necessary by pointing to the existence of ordered human life. In other words, he not only pitches historical experience against rational speculation; he also stresses the sufficiency of human (as distinct from divinely ordained) authority, the authority derived from the ruler's power or from the *Asabiya* of his supporters. That the government based on the revealed law is superior to that based on human law is obvious but irrelevant.

The point is that political organisation is necessary and that it depends on power.

This is a revolutionary change from medieval theocracy to something very like a modern state; it is a modern argument. Ibn Khaldun accepts the traditional distinction between caliphate and kingship. But he is not concerned with the change as a fall in the religious sense. That the state of pure Islam, founded by the successors of the Prophet, has been perverted into the dominion of the powerful monarch does not concern him. He is the dispassionate student of the state as it is. No matter how much he must regret it as a Muslim, for him this transition is natural and necessary. As a historian he sees it objectively. It coincides with the inevitable transition from a rural to an urban mode of life. Human civilisation is the corollary of political association. Just as cities are necessary for the sovereign rule of a monarch, so urban life is indispensable to the growth of civilisation and culture.

This discovery furnished Ibn Khaldun with the key to the understanding of political power and its importance for civilisation. He does not pass moral judgements: he states facts. It is true that the free, manly, self-reliant life of the countryside gives way to the peaceful, protected life in towns which releases other forces and desires. Manly courage yields to obedience to authority. But this is inevitable since man has higher aspirations than the satisfaction of his physical needs and desires. Culture and civilisation can only flourish under the protection of a strong urban government with the growth of arts, crafts, trade and commerce necessary to satisfy man's artistic sense, and of intellectual curiosity with the help of education in the sciences. It is no less inevitable that, once man goes beyond the necessities of life, greater comfort and ease should lead to a life of luxury, debauchery, and lack of moral restraint. Moral decline goes hand in hand with political decline.

Natural Growth and Decline of Civilisation

Ibn Khaldun learnt this by his investigation into the origin, growth, and decline of state and society which he accepts as something natural. He states the facts without approval or disapproval, in spite of his knowledge that at the beginning of Islam things were quite different. State and civilisation are subject to generation and corruption, to growth, maturity, and decline, like a human organism. This natural process is not arbitrary but unfolds under the law of cause and effect. This cyclical movement is spread over five phases within the lifetime of four generations of a dynasty. Partnership in authority is the first stage, and this principate of the chief precedes the state proper. The state is tied to urban life under the autocratic rule of a sovereign who bends the *Asabiya* of his supporters to his will for power and exclusive authority. He builds up the dynasty, which reaches its peak in the next generation and sees its decline and fall in the fourth generation. In the third generation the fateful change from a life of ease and comfort to one of luxury and laxity takes place. The courage and simplicity of the hard pioneering days are forgotten, the *Asabiya* weakens, and the security of the state is in the hands of hired mercenaries. Luxurious living and indulgence of the pleasures cost money; expenditure is higher than revenue from taxes. Often the ruler takes part in trade and commerce and tries to monopolise it to the detriment of his trading subjects. Higher taxes reduce the margin of profit and force artisans, craftsmen, and traders out of business. The ruler can no longer pay his army, and his state falls an easy prey to internal rebellion or external attack. A new dynasty takes over, only to suffer the same fate in due course.

Curiously, Averroes had already come to similar conclusions, with this difference, that he attributed the decline and fall of the Almoravid and Almohad dynasties to a lessening of religious zeal and a corresponding weakening of the authority of the *Sharia*. What he sees as the equivalent to the Platonic transition from the best to the imperfect constitutions, Ibn Khaldun diagnoses as the natural deterioration of a ruling family due to the weakening of the *Asabiya*. Ibn Khaldun was the first medieval thinker, so far as I know, to realise the mutual dependence of the different organs and activities of a state.

For instance, he saw the danger of monopolies, he understood that high taxes stifle production; but, more significant than this,

he realised the direct bearing of economics on the stability and security of the state. The interest of the state is his paramount concern. Justice is not a moral obligation so much as a sound policy. Vice among the rulers is a bad example to subjects and hence ruins the state. But he is not amoral; though he does not condemn the flouting of moral precepts he certainly does not condone political crimes. With all his detachment as a political scientist he was a Muslim who was convinced that the *Sharia* of Islam could and actually did serve as the norm in social relations. It prescribes taxes of the right amount, sufficient to pay for good government, and not too high to stifle enterprise and take the incentive out of work. It guarantees private property as an inalienable right. If the ruler—and he is a Muslim ruler—seizes the property of his subjects or forces them to sell it because he destroyed their livelihood through setting up monopolies, Ibn Khaldun states that such practices offend against Muslim law. Significantly, he adds the comment that they harm not only the interests of the dynasty but endanger the prosperity and security of the state.

A State Based on Reason?

That he should mention the law of Islam at all is not surprising. For the power-state of his time represents a mixture of the original caliphate with its revealed law and of the state based on conquest and power with its political ordinances. But it is important that he should characterise this state as based on reason in spite of its mixed law and although the *Sharia* occupies first place. Like all natural forces the *Asabiya* will soon spend itself unless religious zeal reinforces and transforms it and makes it irresistible. As long as religion unites rulers and ruled with its stress on the higher purpose of man, the state prospers and is strong.

On the other hand, the religious call is ineffective without physical force. This applies even to the ideal Muslim state, since the spiritual and temporal duties of the caliph are two complementary sides of a religious unity. Religion is a political force for good as long as it is in man's heart and dictates his actions. But if it declines and is replaced by a set of rules one must learn and obey, the state is weakened. At the same time man's humanity is adversely affected, since only a strong state based on a sound economy can encourage the pursuit of arts and sciences which alone make man humane. But as soon as ease and luxury get the upper hand, man's higher aspirations decline with the respect for scholars and their learning. Ibn Khaldun thus draws a clear distinction between urban civilisation and spiritual culture, and stresses their interrelation.

He did not achieve a complete integration of his religion and his politics. But who ever has? Certainly not Machiavelli. Both men value religion as a national resource and as a political force. The fear of God makes good citizens and good soldiers. Machiavelli believes that the state is preserved by 'religion, laws, and army'. To these Ibn Khaldun added a sound balanced economy and a well-filled treasury. But the first and foremost requirement is power, as Marlowe lets Machiavelli say in the Prologue to 'The Jew of Malta': 'Might first made kings'.

—Third Programme

The Relationship

'Who stands in the lighted window above the dark river,
Above the silent water, secret, sliding, deep?
That faceless figure black in the yellow window
Might be mourner, philosopher, poet, just wanderer in sleep'.

'Who is caught down there in the web of the water?
(The tugging clasp, the clammed thongs round the throat,
Made part of a dreaming once, for a scream to batter
And thrust a way of escape before the dreamer awoke.)'

'Watcher and drowning, high in the lighted window
Staring I stand, not daring friendless to cry
The friendless name of the lost in the strangling water.
For I deny him; and my Self deny'.

FRANCES BELLERBY

Coventry: Test-case of Planning

By PERCY JOHNSON-MARSHALL

ON a cold, wet November morning some eighteen years ago I was standing in the middle of Broadgate in Coventry, looking round at the fantastic scene of destruction on every side. A shredded bus here, a car balanced crazily on the roof of a ruined building there, and the cathedral, the library, and everything one could see still burning or smouldering in great masses of devastation. I was one of a group of young architects working in the bright new City Architectural Department, and back in the office we had a large model for a comprehensive plan of the very place which I now saw in ruins all round me.

Today I think of Coventry as a test-case of planning for a number of reasons: first because it is a live, energetic, expanding city which began with ribbons and watches and went on to bicycles and motor-cars and finally aircraft—which of course was why it was such a good target; second, because it had a new kind of city architect with a new kind of department backed by a council that was ready to reach for the stars; third, the major disaster it suffered in the war created a remarkable opportunity for clear-decks planning.

Not many years earlier I had been a student at the Liverpool School of Architecture, and the main basis of its teaching was then still Beaux Arts academism. Perhaps the most significant event which took place when I was there was the visit of Walter Gropius with an exhibition of Bauhaus work. The effect on us students was akin to that made by Inigo Jones' Banqueting Hall in the development of the Renaissance in England. Before that time classical details had been added to Gothic buildings, as at Corsham or Hardwick, but the Banqueting Hall was a complete Renaissance building in plan, composition, and detailing. After that there was no going back. The other major stimulus we found in the written works of Le Corbusier, particularly in *Towards a New Architecture* and *The City of Tomorrow*.

The City of Tomorrow contained the first fully developed theoretical essay in comprehensive city planning which took into account the car, the skyscraper, and all the other new artefacts

that had been thrown helter-skelter into the free-for-all of unplanned urban growth. Here was one grand design for a complete city; a design of great clarity, sweeping boldness and ruthlessness, and of comprehensive scope. It was nevertheless a diagram in space, as idealistic and unrealisable in some respects as a Renaissance ideal city. With all its impossibilities, *The City*



The model of a design for the centre of Coventry, drawn up before the blitz and exhibited in 1940. Public buildings form a precinct round the cathedral with a new central park: on the far left is Broadgate

of *Tomorrow* was the main theoretical source and inspiration when we were presented with the totally unexpected opportunity of replanning Coventry's blitzed centre.

Although at Liverpool one studied both architecture and town planning, there were few opportunities to practise creative town planning anywhere. There was little legislation or finance, little public confidence in the possibility of planning cities, and even less 'know-how'.

An important part of this 'know-how' is local government experience, as town planning and the rebuilding of cities are so intimately bound up with local government procedure and practice. One has seen so many cases of well-known architects who prepare brilliant plans which remain strictly paper tigers. I discovered, for instance, when I went to Buenos Aires and Rio in 1948 that Le Corbusier's dramatic proposals for those cities had been shelved indefinitely after the master had departed. Before the war there were few enough city architects, let alone city architects who co-ordinated both architecture and planning. To see any visual results of co-ordination one had to go to Amsterdam or Stockholm. This was one good reason why young architects like myself supported the Modern Architectural Research Group, the English branch of C.I.A.M. This international organisation was a fragile bridge where occasionally one could meet Markelius from Stockholm, or Van Eesteren from Amster-



The second post-blitz model: left, the shopping centre, with a car park and theatre precinct beyond; foreground, the commercial quarter with a covered market

dam, as well as Le Corbusier, Gropius, and Aalto. But at that time all except Van Eesteren and Markelius were outside their own government planning machines, and were able to indulge in theoretical speculation only.

The First 'Umbrella Man'

Towards the end of 1938 we heard that Coventry had decided to set up a City Architectural Department and, incredibly enough, had appointed Donald Gibson, one of the most enthusiastic of our younger architects, as their first city architect. A few of us went up to help start the new office, and we went bursting with ideas; ideas about prefabrication in building, about new kinds of housing layout, about carrying good design into every detail of the townscape, and about making the whole city a collective work of art. This was to be the opportunity to change at least one industrial city from the urban chaos that had enveloped them all. I am still convinced that if we are ever to create cities and towns which are good to live in and good to look at, we must have our architects and planners imbued with this kind of enthusiasm and idealism. We also had ideas about office organisation, and to all these things Donald Gibson responded warmly, the first 'umbrella man' as we called him, providing us not only with leadership but with a cover against all the complicated difficulties of local government, so that we could quietly get on with the job.

One of the first tasks with which he entrusted my team was to model up a design for the centre of the city round the cathedral, as it might be if comprehensive redevelopment could become possible. We worked at it mostly as a spare-time contribution, since town planning was not then considered part of our job. In the summer of 1940 we showed the model at an exhibition of town planning which we organised, and it attracted a good deal of publicity, although many people were inclined to scoff.

So when the centre of Coventry practically vanished six months later we were better prepared than any other city for such a disaster. Within a few weeks we were asked to prepare a bold comprehensive plan, in accordance with the advice given to the City Council by Lord Reith, then Minister of Works and Buildings. The experimental model became the nucleus of a new plan, which now embraced the whole central area. It is worth remembering, eighteen years later, how little planning technique existed at the time the Coventry plan was first started. The Ministry of Town and Country Planning's *Handbook on the Redevelopment of Central Areas*, with its very full description of survey methods and floor space and daylighting controls, came out only in 1947, and even Alker Tripp's book on *Town Planning and Road Traffic*, which dealt with traffic precincts, did not appear until 1942.

Planning in Precincts

But it was a fascinating experience. At an early stage we decided to draw up a number of basic ideas; we would delineate the central area by a parkway ring; and within this ring there would be no through roads or industrial areas; we would group our main building types, such as shopping, entertainment, and civic buildings, into several precincts. We rejected some of the ideas put forward in Le Corbusier's *City of Tomorrow*. We did not think, for instance, that very high buildings were necessary for the centre of a smallish city which was unlikely ever to have more than 400,000 people, and in any case we had the two undamaged church spires as vertical features in the centre. We would have liked to incorporate his dream of multi-level communications, but we were worried about expense, and felt that anyway our precinct form of development went a long way to bringing safety and convenience to the pedestrian. But we did try to bring green places back into the city centre by designing a new central park which was to act as a foil to the stone, glass, and paving of the urban scene. We introduced one completely new building form in the shopping precinct, but otherwise fell back on the symbol forms for various types with which we were familiar, such as 'acoustic' wedge shapes for auditoria, a parabolic vault for the covered market, and interconnecting slabs for the high-density housing.

As far as possible we proposed to keep the main uses approxi-

mately in the positions they had always occupied, for in nearly every city there is a natural order of growth which responds somehow to the way people live. At this point Lewis Mumford's ideas began to make their impact—his great book *The Culture of Cities* had recently arrived in England, and a colleague had straight away sent it up. We thought it so important that we passed it on to our councillors to read.

The key feature in our plan was the shopping centre. The traditional shopping street was Smithfield Street, which before its virtual destruction had twisted its narrow medieval way down from Broadgate at the top of the hill to St. John's church at the bottom, and after much discussion we decided to keep it more or less in the same position but to design a new kind of pedestrian shopping area rather than rebuilding the old shopping street. I had once worked in a multiple store, and had strong ideas about shopping being a pleasure and not a drudge. The big store did enable people to buy in comfort and safety, leave a child with an attendant, have a cup of tea or a meal, and in fact get all they wanted under one roof. This was the opportunity to put that experience to account. In addition, both Donald Gibson and I knew Chester well, with its historic two-level shopping rows. So we developed these two ideas in the form of a series of pedestrian squares down the hill, the idea being that one entered at the top or the bottom of the precinct at ground level, but owing to the slope the upper level would become a great gallery where one could shop or look at the scene of activity below.

From Vision to Reality

Not long ago I had a good look round the new centre as it is now, after eighteen years. The shopping precinct was crowded with people and was doing most of the things we had originally intended it should. You could look down from the upper shopping galleries and watch the varied and animated spectacle of hundreds of people shopping and meeting in comfort and safety. It has not turned out exactly the way we originally planned it, as at one stage Gibson was forced to accept a road which cut it in two. Arthur Ling, who took Gibson's place as city architect and planner when he moved a couple of years ago, has managed to have this road closed, and it is now part of the pedestrian area, but not before it had done a good deal of damage to the plan. Elsewhere in the city another change has been made to the original plan, this time for the better: the new cathedral has been put at right angles to the ruins of the old one. The new Belgrade theatre, opened a week or two ago, is not only a fine example of civic enterprise, but I personally was pleased to see that it was only across the road from where we originally planned it. All in all it was surprising and exciting to find how much of the original plan is becoming a reality.

Last year I paid two visits to Rotterdam, in many ways similar to Coventry both in having had its centre destroyed and in the way it has tackled the job of reconstruction. Rotterdam began very sensibly—by compulsorily acquiring all the blitzed land in the centre during the war, so that the city had at least complete control of its central area from the start, in contrast to Coventry, which had to buy its centre almost piece by piece. The early reconstruction plans were slightly pedestrian, or, if I can be forgiven a bad joke, not pedestrian enough. It had too much of the traditional lining of streets and frontages, with courtyards or light wells behind; a conventional pattern of the kind Agache used in his plan for Rio. The famous Le Corbusier-inspired Ministry of Education building had to break through this pattern with its single tall slab surrounded with open space.

The exciting thing about Rotterdam was that the plan improved as it went along. For instance, the first design for the area where the famous Lijnbaan pedestrian shopping centre now stands is unexciting, and it was not until the planners and Professor Van den Broek, one of Holland's best known C.I.A.M. architects, sat down to talk it over with a large number of retail traders, that the present scheme began to take shape. When the architects and planners put before them the idea of a pedestrian shopping centre, although there was nothing else like it to show them, since Coventry's precinct was not yet built, they went all out for it. In the same way the wholesalers backed the planners and architects over the Groothandelsgebouw. This is a great collective warehouse building, the first of its kind anywhere, and is in a prominent

position. It can be entered by car at basement, ground, or first-floor level, and has shops, restaurants, offices, and showrooms, all in one portmanteau block.

One thing that comes out strikingly in this business of rebuilding cities is the need for really fine and imaginative architecture. The buildings in Rotterdam are not always of the best quality, and some are coarse and even downright ugly, but they are rarely dull. Frankly, the average standard of design is higher than in Coventry. Usually it is obvious that an architect of some calibre has at least made a conscious design effort. The latest and most successful example is the new Bijenkorf store by Marcel Breuer, who studied at the Bauhaus. It is a really noteworthy example of both architectural and store design. I say this advisedly because architects are sometimes criticised for producing beautiful buildings that do not work properly, and here is one that is both beautiful and useful. From a distance it is a sleek double cube, faced in honey-coloured travertine, with a few sharp insets; but as you walk by on the pavement you can look right into the building, and since much of the ground floor has been cut away you can see across acres of enticing merchandise in the bargain basement; the architect and salesman at last in perfect harmony.

Perhaps the most criticisable feature of the Rotterdam plan is the road framework. Although they have continued with their excellent pre-war practice of over-under crossings in a few places, parts of the new system will most probably prove to be inadequate within a few years, principally because they are relying too much on roundabouts and have made insufficient provision to keep vehicles and pedestrians separated. But this is only one criticism of a city which has already rebuilt and expanded its great harbour, has put into operation a large-scale district heating scheme, has an excellent group of high flats right in the city centre, and has already to its credit a whole series of experimental building types in what we now call mixed development, all carefully integrated into the comprehensive plan.

What I have also found interesting about Rotterdam are the people who are planning and building it. As I have mentioned, several were members or supporters of C.I.A.M., with the same kind of ideas and thoughts that we had in Coventry. They too had the feeling 'this is the great opportunity', and the same worries about how to apply theories and how to evolve new



Part of Coventry's shopping centre today

Photograph: Coventry Corporation

planning techniques as they went along. Past experience is useful only as a guide to future action, and it is early as yet to estimate the full value of such experiments as Coventry and Rotterdam. Organisationally, they both point to the necessity of modern cities having departments which co-ordinate both architecture and planning, led by men who think of themselves as imaginative co-ordinators rather than as unique designers. Then there is the need to isolate certain parts of cities and to treat them in a special comprehensive way, subjecting them to careful investigation, and preparing three-dimensional plans modelled up to a large scale.

There is a lesson, too, in the type of plans to be prepared for such comprehensive schemes. First comes what might be called the idea plan; not necessarily very practical in detail, but something which gives the broad lines of development and serves to stir the public imagination. Then comes a more detailed scheme based on careful studies. And, finally, the working drawing model, embodying the final designs of buildings whose construction is imminent, but leaving an increasing amount of flexibility where the timing of development recedes into the future. This of course

postulates not one final scheme, riveting future development into a set mould for ever, until someone has to break it, as in Rio, but a whole series of schemes down the years, watched over at every stage by a highly skilled staff as a continuous design process, and this staff working in close co-operation with the designers of the individual buildings. In fact, if these two cities prove nothing else, they show clearly that a design process in space and time must be applied to cities as well as buildings.

—Third Programme



The new Bijenkorf store, Rotterdam, by Marcel Breuer: in the foreground is the giant constructivist sculpture by Naum Gabo

'The B.B.C. is a vast shapeless organisation, it entertains and annoys people: it is always trying to be fair and truthful but it occasionally puts its foot in it . . .' Thus the Hungarian-born Mr. George Mikes in his introduction to *The Story of the B.B.C.*, a thirty-six-page illustrated booklet published by the B.B.C. (price 2s. 6d.) for the Brussels Universal and International Exhibition, 1958. In a series of short articles the booklet gives some account of the Corporation's aims and work.

Detecting Forged and Faked Stamps

By ROBSON LOWE

STAMPS have been forged and faked for two main reasons: first, to defraud the post office—and these stamps are usually of some rarity and keenly sought after by collectors; secondly, to defraud collectors, who are naturally adventurous by nature, and a number of whom find pleasure in collecting and studying the different types of forgery. There are other reasons why forgeries are made but I do not propose to deal with these in this talk.

In order to detect forgeries and fakes one can have expensive equipment: a binocular microscope, a mercury-vapour lamp, X-ray, and three-dimensional photographs. The true professional rarely uses this equipment although he may possess it. Over 99 per cent. of forgeries and fakes are identified by tests which anyone can readily make. For the moment, all you will need is a green £1 note; a good light; if you carry one, a magnifying glass; and good eyesight.

Governments have their stamps printed by firms who specialise in security printing, and the fine art on a postage stamp has a sound commercial reason as it minimises the risk of forgery. For the same reason a portrait is the most suitable subject for the stamp design. In an engraving of some well-known countenance any alteration in features and expression makes forgery far more easily detected.

The first thing I do when I have a stamp to examine is to consider the way it has been printed. A good stamp catalogue tells you how a stamp is printed, and the first tests are based on a comparison between the methods of printing. If the genuine stamp is recess-printed (stamp collectors call this method 'engraved') the raised effect of the inked portion of the design, which is a common feature of stamps printed by this process, is obvious. Take your £1 note and look at the front. All the portion that is printed in green is engraved. Hold it up in such a way as to reflect light from the surface of the note. Treat it as if it were a mirror and you were trying to catch the light in your eye. You will immediately see how the more heavily engraved parts stand up from the surface of the paper. Among the well-known stamps that are engraved are such classics as the one penny black and the first triangular stamps of the Cape of Good Hope; the engraving on both these designs will show well by this test. There are many different forgeries of the triangular Capes and, as far as I know, only one of them that is engraved.

Another method of printing is typography; printers are more likely to use the term 'letter-press', and stamp collectors say 'surface-printing' to denote that the ink has been printed on the paper from the surface of the plate. In this case the depressed effect of the inked portion of the design, known as the typographic 'bite', is often noticeable under magnification. In the case of your £1 note the letters and figures printed in red are surface-printed. If your magnifying glass is handy and it has a magnification of eight or ten times, you will see round each letter or numeral the squeeze of ink which is caused by this method of printing. Every genuine typographed stamp will show this tiny wave of surplus ink on one or more sides of the design, particularly at the edge of the larger inked areas. This was caused when the inked metal printing surface made contact with the paper and squeezed the ink towards the edges of every line in the design.

Turn over to the back of the £1 note. This, you will see, is flat in comparison to the front. Again get the light shining on the surface and you will see that there is no sign of any ink

standing up as it is in the case of the engraved stamps. Take the magnifying glass and examine the edge, the green framework that is printed over the purple background: there is no sign of the ink squeeze, and this is a form of lithography. There are various methods of lithography but all are flat in appearance. Your £1 note demonstrates three of the four main methods of security printing. The fourth, photogravure, I shall not discuss here.

The best test of all is personal knowledge of the genuine stamp; if you know it well, and even if you are not familiar with the various types of forgery, you will recognise the dud straight away. But if you are not familiar with the genuine stamp, it is almost certain that there is a common stamp of the same design engraved

by the same engraver and printed by the same printer which you can use for comparison. As you would have no difficulty in recognising one person's face from another or one person's writing from another, so there is no reason why you should not recognise the difference between the two stamps which



Triangular Cape of Good Hope and (right) a forgery with the figure crudely engraved

purport to have the same design but do not have a common engraver or a common printer or perhaps even a common method of printing.

There are, of course, the forgeries that are produced by photographic methods such as photo-litho, and these are perhaps the most dangerous. The method of printing may not be the same but they can be so similar in appearance that the person with a fair amount of knowledge may be tempted to accept the superficial similarity to the genuine as evidence that the patient being studied is authentic. However, it is no use knowing so much about the stamp that you identify the patient immediately as being the fifth stamp from the third row if it only happens to be a photograph of the fifth stamp from the third row. For this reason, even if you have a great deal of knowledge about the particular stamp, it is always advisable to compare the method of printing and find that the basic test confirms that the stamp is printed by the correct method. Summing up these tests, I can only tell you that you must check to see the stamp is printed by the right method and ensure that it shows the characteristics of the engraver and printer who produced the original design.

There are three other major tests to check if the stamp is genuine. The watermark (if any) must be the same. If unwatermarked, then the paper should match the genuine in substance and quality. If perforated, the perforations must match the genuine. The gum, if the stamp is unused, and the colour, are also tests that should not be overlooked.

Faked perforations, cleaned stamps, and skilful repairs are frequently more dangerous than out-and-out forgeries, and are often difficult to detect. In the case of perforations it is always suspicious if the stamp is smaller either in length or in width than it normally should be. Again, beware if one side is slightly out of alignment with another or if the holes, even if of the same gauge, are of varying size. There are a few cases where the genuine perforations are irregular in the distance of one from the other.

Cleaned stamps, that is those that have had a cancellation removed in order to make them appear to be unused, may be detected in several ways. I suggested that you should hold up the £1 note as if you were using it as a mirror to reflect light. Try this test again with the back of your hand—it is very simple and you will soon get the angle when you see the light reflected from

the skin. Now lay the stamp on the back of your hand. If there is an impression of a cancellation or a pen mark which has disturbed the surface you are likely to see it. Further, the paper is nearly always changed in substance owing to the size or dressing used in manufacture being more or less discharged by the immersion of the stamp in some chemical cleansing agent which leaves the pores of the paper more easily seen and the elasticity rather flabby and weak. The paper in fact has become less like stamp paper and more like blotting paper. Often the colour of stamps that have been cleaned varies from the normal, especially with the more fugitive colours such as green. It is a popular game to take a fiscally used stamp, remove the fiscal cancellation, and apply a faked postal obliteration. In these cases it is useful to have for comparison a supply of common stamps of the same issue showing various types of cancellation, and it is fair to say that the engravers of cancellations show constant characteristics in their work in the same way that engravers and printers show characteristics in postage stamps. Few forgers have been successful in imitating genuine cancellations with any accuracy.

During the present century repairing has become a fine art and is sometimes so skilful as to be difficult to detect. Again the light process is extremely useful. Put the stamp on the back of the hand and hold it up so the light is reflected and you will soon see the difference in the original stamp and the repaired portion. It is almost certain that the repair work will be of a lower level than the rest. Holding the stamp up in front of the light, you can sometimes see the difference in the grain between the original and the added part. Turn the stamp over and you will find that

the repair often shows a shiny appearance and is smooth and clean looking, unlike the original paper.

Among other kinds of fakes there are the forged overprints and surcharges on genuine stamps, and here again comparison can be useful if you have a common stamp with the same overprint or surcharge as the rarity which you are now examining. Another refinement of this type of fake is the patient which has had the surcharge or overprint removed. There are two simple examples of this that I will mention. The British Guiana 96c. surcharged 1c. is a comparatively common stamp. People have picked out the 1c. surcharge with a pin and have covered up the roughened surface of the stamp with a forged cancellation. The abrasion immediately shows when you get the light reflected from the surface of the stamp. Another similar fake is the high-value stamp overprinted with the word 'Specimen' for official purposes, and where the overprint has been carefully removed by the same method.

I have discussed here only general practice. There are many refinements, and I know from my own experience that with the most suspicious mind and the best intent in the world one sometimes makes a mistake. I have a volume of forgeries and fakes which have fooled me at some time or other, and I constantly refer to these to refresh my memory on how they were made. Stamp collectors are adventurers by nature, otherwise they would not love this hobby, and the fact that there are dangerous forgeries and fakes never seems to put anyone off collecting. There is no doubt that it is a source of personal satisfaction to be able to identify the 'wrong-uns'.—*Network Three*

African Encounter

Leopard in the Thatch

By CHRISTOPHER HARWICH

I WAS still very young in the Service and prosecuting my first Assizes. The prosecution was almost finished when Sergeant Atul leant over with a hastily scribbled chit. I read it with mounting fury, then rose and addressed the Judge. 'I am sorry, M'Lord, but I have just been informed that the last prosecution witness cannot possibly reach court in time for today's hearing'.

The Judge looked out from under his wig, thrust slightly forward on to his forehead, seemingly in one piece with the no less imposing white eyebrows. 'Why cannot the witness appear?' he said. 'I take it he has been summoned?'

'Yes, M'Lord, he was. I understand from the note which I have just received that he has been treed by a leopard and is unable with safety to descend'.

'Ah', the judicial wit asserted itself, 'up a gum tree, no doubt. I think we may dispense with him'.

While we were chatting on the verandah of the court after the hearing the village chief came up to me with a troubled face. After the usual polite enquiries about my health and some pointed remarks about the defence witnesses, he suggested that I go out and shoot the leopard. When I remarked that the leopard was probably many miles away by now, and anyway it was my considered opinion that the missing witness deserved all he got for getting himself into such a position, he replied: 'Oh, no, Bwana, the leopard cannot get away. He is inside Mugwanya's house and Mugwanya is sitting on the roof and dare not come down because the door is open and the leopard may come out too quickly'.

I hesitated. Although I counted myself a pretty good shot I had, in fact, never shot any kind of game before, let alone a leopard. But this was obviously a matter of prestige. It would never do for me to refuse.

I went off to tell the District Commissioner my fate.

'What are you going to shoot him with?' he asked.

'Why, a rifle, of course'.

'Good Lord, man, you can't do that', he said. He reached into a cupboard for the largest shotgun I have ever seen, 'most dangerous. You want something that'll stop the brute'. He

handed over as well a fistful of cartridges and bade me 'God speed'.

I was not at all happy. Tackling a leopard with a rifle from what I had intended would be a nice 'safe' distance was one thing, but doing so at point-blank range with an antiquated and doubtful shotgun was another. Still, no doubt the D.C. knew best.

The Chief, Head Constable Ochwur, and Atul piled into the back of my jalopy—I noted thankfully that the last two had brought their rifles—and my orderly climbed in beside me brandishing a wicked-looking bush-knife ('Not all that close', I prayed). We soon left the township behind and a few miles after crossing the Katonga river we left the bright red gravel of the main road and turned down a track. Waist-high grass covered almost the entire surface and I shuddered to think what might be hidden in it.

The Chief assured me that there were no anthills or potholes. A few yards further on a nasty scrunching noise from below gave him the lie. In due course the grass gave way to a banana plantation where we left the car and continued on foot for about a quarter of a mile to emerge on to an open space about half the size of a hockey pitch. In the middle of the space was the hut. Sitting on the roof of the hut and shrieking for salvation was Mugwanya.

I saw with misgiving that there was no 'safe' cover anywhere near the hut and that the local hunters had erected a circle of pig netting, some six feet high, all round it. Whatever was in the hut—or on top of it—was securely confined within that circle of stout rope. I walked round the net but could see nothing in the darkness of the open door. Short of burning down the hut I really didn't see how we were ever going to get that leopard out. I wondered why the villagers—there were over a hundred of them—had not helped Mugwanya off the roof and behind the safety of the net. 'Oh, we couldn't do that, Bwana', said the Chief. 'The leopard would have come out. See, he is trying to reach him now'. I had observed that the thatch was bouncing up and down occasionally under Mugwanya. He was

(continued on page 660)

NEWS DIARY

April 9-15

Wednesday, April 9

President Eisenhower says that he will consider suspending nuclear tests only if this year's series is satisfactory.

T.U.C.'s Economic Committee advises action by the government to protect New Zealand dairy imports into Britain.

Cuban rebels seize radio station in Havana and call for general strike in city.

Thursday, April 10

Railway Staff National Tribunal rejects claims by the three railway unions for higher pay.

National Union of Teachers and National Association of Schoolmasters both decide to call for a revised salaries scale.

Polling starts in County Council elections in England and Wales.

Mr. Khrushchev returns to Moscow after visit to Hungary.

Friday, April 11

Russia proposes that Western ambassadors should begin talks in Moscow next week in preparation for summit conference.

Executive of Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen rejects award of railway tribunal.

Unions representing 100,000 dockers submit claim for wage increase.

The Queen appoints Professor Georg Maurer, chief surgeon at Munich hospital where casualties in Manchester United football team were treated, an honorary C.B.E.

Saturday, April 12

French Government accepts Anglo-American proposals as a basis for talks with Tunisia.

Russia's second earth satellite, launched last November, is seen by many people in Great Britain during its last circuits of the earth.

Sunday, April 13

Mr. Duncan Sandys goes to Paris for talks with other Nato Defence Ministers on co-operation in arms production.

In Kenya more than 150 Kikuyu tribesmen are arrested on suspicion of belonging to a subversive secret society.

Monday, April 14

Chairman of British Transport Commission, Sir Brian Robertson, agrees to meet leaders of railway unions to discuss wages dispute.

Member of British security forces shot and seriously wounded in Cyprus.

Talks open in London on trade relations between United Kingdom and New Zealand.

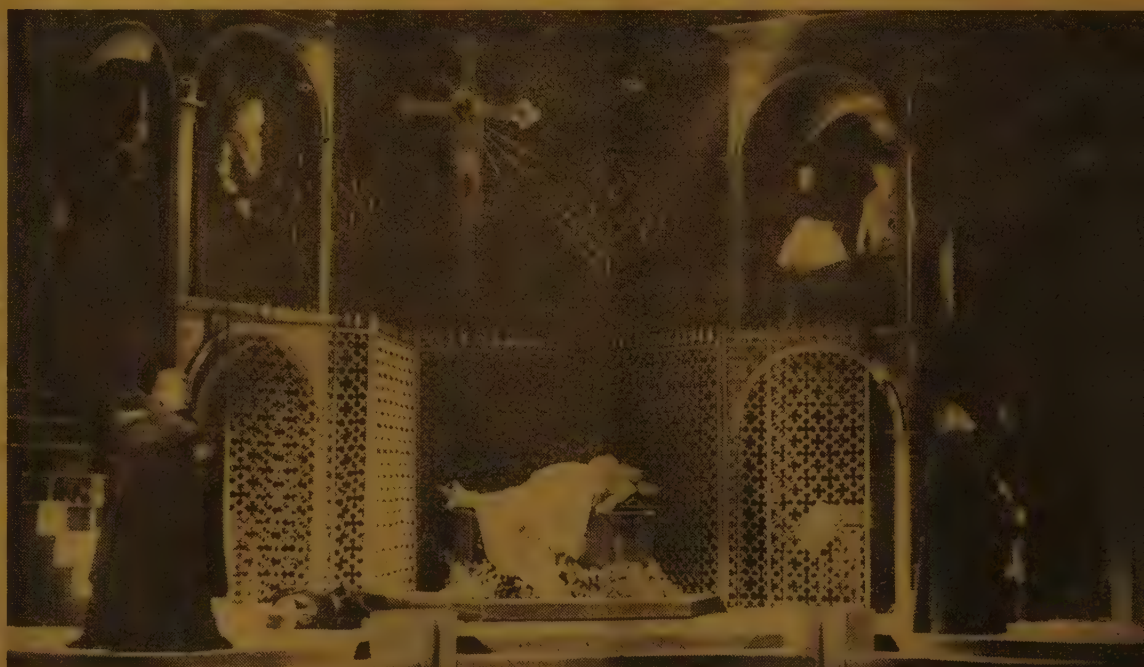
Tuesday, April 15

Chancellor of the Exchequer introduces the Budget. Entertainment duty on cinemas to be reduced by half. Purchase tax to be simplified and in many cases reduced. Income tax exemption limits to be raised for elderly people.

Dr. Nkrumah opens conference of eight independent African states in Accra.



The Duke of Edinburgh, who is Admiral of the Sea Cadets, visited the Navy League's training establishment, Neptune, on the Thames island, Raven's Ait, near Surbiton, Surrey, on April 12. The Duke is seen at the tiller of a wherry being rowed ashore at the end of his visit.



The final scene in Mr. Glen Byam Shaw's production of 'Romeo and Juliet' that opened the season at Stratford upon Avon last week. The lovers are played by Richard Johnson and Dorothy Tutton.



A one-day-old baby white-bearded gnu photographed with his mother at Whipsnade last week.

Left: Woking's captain, C. Mortimer, being congratulated by members of his team after they had beaten Ilford, 3-0, in the F.A. Amateur Cup Final at Wembley last Saturday.



Atomium, the 360-foot-high steel structure, representing the nine atoms in a crystal of metal, forms the centrepiece of the Brussels Universal Exhibition opening in the Belgian capital today



Members of the Newcomen Society visiting the great bell of the world-famous clock, Big Ben, on April 10, its hundredth birthday



The United States Navy announced last week that it had solved the problem of launching the 1,500-mile Polaris missile from a submerged submarine. This photograph shows a dummy missile being fired from under the surface of the ocean during recent development tests



'Vera', the Vision Electronic Recording Apparatus, which has been developed by the B.B.C.'s research department. The equipment enables television programmes to be recorded on magnetic tape. One of the many advantages of this new system is that it dispenses with the need for processing and so avoids delay

(continued from page 657)

slithering round the roof frantically trying to retain his hold on the slippery grass.

Ochwur strolled up nonchalantly. 'I have an idea, Effendi', he said. 'Atul and I will stand opposite the door and cover it with our rifles while you, Effendi, climb on to the roof and shoot down through the thatch'.

I stared at him speechless. I will not pretend that my whole life passed before me—I was too busy reviewing the unfortunate present and the unpromising future. The bystanders had all heard Ochwur's bright idea—as the old rogue had intended them to—and loud comments about my courage, my self-sacrificing nature, and my unearthly beauty flew round the circle of watchers. There was no turning back now. Ochwur and Atul walked round the outside of the net and knelt down opposite the door. I slid a couple of rounds into the shotgun, someone courteously lifted the bottom edge of the net, and there I was.

Mugwanya, quick to seize his opportunity, slid down the roof and shot under the net like greased lightning. I walked over to where some firewood had been piled against one wall, hoping that nobody would notice my shaking knees. With some difficulty, having only one free hand, I got to the top and, reaching up as high as I could, pushed the gun barrels into the thatch. Then, finding a ridge pole, I pulled myself laboriously upwards, hoping the leopard would not spot my hands from underneath.

On the Tiles

Once up, I paused and took stock. There was I—if not, as the Judge had put it, up a gum tree—then decidedly on the tiles. There, somewhere beneath me was a killer. I had no idea just where he might be, but a hefty jar at the base of my spine showed that he knew my position within inches. I pulled off handfuls of grass and peered into the gloomy depths. There was nothing to be seen. Awkwardly I crawled crabwise round the sloping roof and tried again—still no luck.

Then the roof heaved violently under me and I started to slide. I clutched desperately at the centre pole and clung to the gun for dear life. Again I tore away the thatch—this time the light from the other holes was sufficient for me to see a darkish yellow shape immediately beneath me. Before I could recover myself the beast hit the rafters with a resounding whack and it seemed as though the whole roof must collapse. Hastily I thrust the barrels of the gun into the hole and as the ugly yellow fangs came up to meet me I closed my eyes and pulled the triggers—first the right barrel, then the left. There was a heavy thud and a loud grunt from below. Digging my heels into the thatch I hurriedly reloaded, then looked down through the hole. There was little doubt about the leopard's fate.

I didn't climb—I fell from the roof, and walked round to the door where I was joined by Ochwur.

'Wait, Effendi', he said, 'I'll just make sure'. Then he and Atul disappeared into the hut. A few seconds both reappeared, dragging the dead beast between them. A series of loud 'Echs' and 'Ahs' went up from the spectators, who lost no time dropping the net and swarming round while Ochwur produced a devilish-looking sheath knife and expertly removed the skin.

We took the skull with us as well, as a trophy, and made our way home.

It was Ochwur, also, who introduced me to a local form of game-hunting. In the twenty years I knew him I never ceased to marvel at his ingenuity in overcoming the dullness of everyday routine. No matter how unpromising the situation he rarely failed to discover some way of enlivening the proceedings, usually at somebody else's expense, although, to give him credit, he never shrank from taking any risk and he was invariably well to the fore when any real danger threatened.

Crocodile Lair

Returning one day from an abortive cattle-raiding patrol, Ochwur suddenly stopped the convoy, dropped out of the door, and disappeared over the edge of a drift. A few moments later his head reappeared a few yards further down and he beckoned excitedly. 'Come, Effendi, here is something'. Cursing mildly and wondering just what he could find in a barren semi-desert in the middle of the dry season, I clambered down and followed him into the drift. A short way downstream he pointed to a hole, about eighteen inches in diameter, in the bank. 'Smell', he whispered.

I bent down, smelt, and turned away quickly, barely able to hold down the nausea which overcame me.

'Crocodiles', said Ochwur. He called to the rest of the patrol to bring the spades from our emergency kit. Under his direction they dug into the soft earth, quickly opening up a trench about twenty feet long and three or four feet deep. At the end was a damp, evil smelling cave. Ochwur crept forward and peered inside. I joined him. I could see nothing in the darkness but there was the unmistakable sound of heavy breathing.

We climbed back up the bank and Ochwur enlightened me: 'In the dry season the crocodiles dig these holes and they hide in them and go to sleep until the rains come again. If the Effendi wishes we will wake them up'.

Ochwur spoke to the Karimojong who were travelling with us. One of them advanced to the edge of the bank and held his nine-foot spear, point downwards, over the hole. Ochwur tied a piece of cotton waste from the tool-kit onto the blade of another spear, soaked it with paraffin from a hurricane lamp, and lit it. He pointed to a spot about half-way down the trench.

'Do you stand there, Effendi, with the rifle, with your feet well apart, one on either side of the trench. If the crocodile tries to pass you, shoot him in the neck'.

I began to get an inkling of what I was in for. I shoved a round in the breech, cocked the bolt, and waited. Ochwur slid down beside the hole, pushed the spear inside and felt around. Suddenly he jabbed it hard. There was a bellow from the darkness, Ochwur flung himself aside, the Karimojong's spear flashed down and a second later a ten-foot croc lay squirming on the bank. One of the constables slit its throat neatly with a bush-knife.

The torch was relit and thrust back into the cave. This time the spearsman missed and, as the croc swept between my legs I pressed the trigger. The kick from the loosely held rifle knocked me off my feet and I felt myself being

carried rapidly along on a hard spiny mass. As I rolled off its tail and scrambled up the side of the trench I was in time to see the unharmed reptile beating it downstream at a rate of knots. I retrieved the rifle and handed it to Ochwur. 'You', I said firmly, 'will now stand where I did'. He took up his stance and a second warrior now manipulated the spear. Two more reptiles appeared, were missed by the spear and expertly despatched by the rifle. I might add that when attacked from above, the only vulnerable part of a crocodile is a very small area of soft skin on the back of the neck. The rest of him is armour-plated and virtually bullet-proof.

A little later Ochwur flung the three skins into the back of the truck, and we moved off. 'What on earth are you going to do with those skins?' I asked. He didn't even have the decency to blush. 'The Indian traders', he replied, 'will pay five shillings an inch for a good skin'.

I looked at him with increased respect. Thirty-odd feet of skin at five shillings an inch added up to—well, I knew wives were fetching a good price.—*Home Service*

Gardening

Morning Glory

IF EVER A PLANT had a suitable name it is the morning glory. The most beautiful of the plants generally given this name is *Ipomoea rubro-caerulea*—a most heavenly blue with faint red markings. It is a slender, twining plant and, given the right position facing the morning sun, it will climb up to the guttering of the house from young plants planted out the first week in June, after all danger of frost has gone. It has huge sky-blue trumpets, four inches across and as many inches deep. The long, pointed buds unroll in the early morning sun, and generally fade by midday. The next day the same things happen—hundreds of flowers every day from a few plants. This morning glory is easy to grow from seed.

Sow one seed in a 60-size pot in sandy soil. Raise it cool. The seed germinates fairly quickly, and when the plants are five or six inches high, place a thin stick to each and give it a loose tie just to keep the growth straight. If you have time, and the pots, give the plants a shift into five-inch pots. This will ensure a first-class plant for planting out, say, the last week in May or the first in June. Keep the growth straight; do not let the plants get tangled up. They will grow up canes or poles like a runner bean. In the west and south it is safe to sow the seed outside, but even there the pot-grown plants will give you the best show. This *Ipomoea* is a splendid plant for covering the pillars of a summer house or in any position which gets the morning sun. Remember that is the beauty of the morning glory. It is a sight at five o'clock in the morning to see these lovely blue flowers open from the bottom to the top of its growth, and the more you pick the more they will flower. Try to pick off as many of the spent flowers as you can; if you do this every evening there will be no risk of confusing a young seedpod with young buds coming on. Always keep them well watered against the walls, where the soil is very dry, and give them some liquid manure if you can.

F. H. STREETER

—From a talk in Network Three

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Should Britain Abandon Nuclear Arms?

Sir,—It is one of life's ironies that readers' interest in controversies, however vital the issues, tends to evaporate rather sooner than that of the participants.

Nevertheless, I do not think that Professor Gallie should be allowed to have it both ways. On the one hand he speaks as a 'responsible impurist', who wants results 'and not just a clean conscience'; on the other, he expresses 'deep moral concern' about nuclear disarmament, and seems to be a conscientious objector to genocide. Either conscientious behaviour is, in the last resort, expendable ('just a clean conscience' is a memorable phrase), or this sort of cheerful at-homeness in moral squalor is not merely detestable but *inhuman*. In a sense, Professor Gallie's inconsistency is salutary, and it is encouraging that he should now want to deny that his cherished Unholier-than-thou attitude is in fact as unholy as all that—but in this he is losing sight of what he has so plainly affirmed, that it is results he wants and not just a clean conscience. Logically, this admission—'since it is results I want in this matter and not just a clean conscience, I cannot object to being described as "a responsible impurist"'—is necessarily the end of the matter. If this *really* expresses what is, and what is not, 'wanted' by somebody, then no further exchanges on matters of conscience could be pertinent. Yet the whole of Professor Gallie's last letter—without at all withdrawing this unstinted confession of amorality (if not systematic immorality)—once again sets out to assist us in the formation of our consciences.

This profound inconsistency is all the more reassuring since it is so representative of the dominant habits of judgement in our society; if everything that, at various times, is said (and at other times merely done) about these things were consistently adhered to, there'd be nothing left over that calls for defence. After all, Mr. Khrushchev and his colleagues also wanted results and not just a clean conscience when, for instance, following the sleepless nights of which they are now boasting, they resolutely sent their tanks into the capital that had ousted the Revolution. Stalin himself, whatever one may say of him, was all for results. And so were the Nazis. Nor have there ever been greater masters of 'the lesser evil'—that richly elastic moral rope-trick—than our Communist opponents. Happily, Professor Gallie, Mr. Macmillan, and Mr. Gaitskell, our most eminent ecclesiastics, our poshest papers and most liberal guardians, would all be likely to recognise, in, say, the pages of *Darkness at Noon*, that 'the lesser evil' (or 'necessary evil') may be simply another name for moral evil, though the actions so characterised may be means to good ends. The end, they might say, does *not* justify the means: *no* result, however desirable, can legitimise an act intrinsically wrong. Yet, when it comes to such questions as are being asked in this correspondence, they may find themselves

replying in the language of our opponents. It is this language, and all it carries with it, that is the most basic threat to mankind today—to our humanness and therefore to our survival. More especially, this language is corroding the ground we stand on, this side of 'the great divide'. It is only because we speak it so badly, stuttering with embarrassment and constantly lapsing from it, that we still have any ground to stand on at all. We cannot much longer have it both ways.

When we speak of 'just wars' we must *mean* just wars; and, unless the term justice is to be stretched up to disappearing-point, any 'indiscriminate destruction' of human life *directly aimed at* (indiscriminate in the sense of involving the harmless and the innocent) necessarily takes on the quality of *murder*. The fact that Professor Gallie can doubt whether 'such refined casuistic considerations' can really be pertinent to our problem has its own kind of importance. Among other things, it may help to explain why he 'cannot see anything intrinsically wrong' in the policy he has been advocating—a policy that involves a hypothetical determination (at any rate for the time being) to unleash that 'genocide' he is so deeply concerned to prevent.

The end of this road was perhaps reached by a very distinguished man of letters, now deceased, who, writing in a somewhat similar context—he was a profoundly responsible and a profoundly religious man—was once actually driven to saying: 'There are moments in human history when Christ is most truly served by those who crucify Him, knowing what they do'. Whether we are Christians or agnostics, this is a sentence worth pondering.

Yours, etc.,

Leeds, 16

WALTER STEIN

Soviet Influence in the Satellite Countries

Sir,—Apropos Mr. David Floyd's assertion in his first welcome talk on the satellites (THE LISTENER, April 10) that there is no proof that the economic consequences of the Soviet method of state control of industry and agriculture are any better than those of private enterprise it is worth while noticing, believe them or not, the latest available statistics on raw cotton production in Russia. The figures, which come to us via *Cotton* (Washington), show that with an output of 6,860,000 bales in 1956 Russia became second only to the United States as a cotton producer. Moreover, the aim is to increase production to 11,000,000 bales by 1965 and 16,000,000 bales by 1970.

Yours, etc.,

Bolton

E. P. RADCLIFFE

The Falkland Islands

Sir,—As an ecologist Mr. J. B. Cragg (THE LISTENER, April 3) must have had a depressing visit to the Falkland Islands. It is true enough that sheep there, as in hill districts of Scotland, have proved exacting creatures. But let me say

that the farmers in the Falklands are not blind to the need for improving the quality of the grazing for the sheep on which their livelihood depends.

Although we cannot restore the original tussock grass, the Falkland Islands Co. Ltd. and individual sheep owners are now following up the technical advice given by Dr. William Davies and others. We are trying on a field scale to establish better grasses (and eventually we hope clovers) to supplement the white grass which now dominates the pastoral scene. The first results which I saw in January encourage us to go on.

Yours, etc.,

House of Commons,
London, S.W.1

ANTHONY HURD

The Ruling Passion

Sir,—Many will sympathise with the views expressed by Mr. Angus Maude (THE LISTENER, April 3), and all will regret the loss of an individualist of such ability. Though I am in agreement with much that he says, I feel that his comparison between eighteenth-century pocket boroughs and modern 'safe seats' is misleading.

Surely namierite scholarship has at least underlined the great differences, and the impossibility of close comparison, between the political systems of the eighteenth century and our own. A safe seat, whether for right or left, is hardly open to auction. It more usually arises through local veneration for an attractive or eminent personality, often identified with local interests. Mr. Maude is, I feel, following the precedent of many whom he criticises in attempting such misleading and profitless historical comparisons. The present picture is dismal enough without our returning to a morality which few would defend today.

Yours, etc.,

Lavernock

MICHAEL FITZGERALD

Architecture of the Stage

Sir,—I found Mr. Guthrie's talk most interesting and almost persuasive. But a personal experience of what I believe is called a peninsular stage has spoiled my faith in it for ever. When I saw Mr. Guthrie's production of Thornton Wilder's 'A Life in the Sun' at the Edinburgh Festival of 1955 I at first thought it was to be a wonderful advance over the proscenium convention. But in practice it was highly distracting, perhaps one should say thwarting, to see the cast having to turn from side to side to 'face' the semi-circular audience in the Assembly Hall, and therefore be unable to see their facial expressions for almost half the time they were on the stage; and also—when they were speaking away from my side—not to hear them adequately. But it was the loss of their faces when speaking which, to me, makes the whole concept of the peninsular stage quite disastrous from the point of view of the audience.



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The other vitally important point is the 'escapism' of the scenery, which is absent in this type of production. One can, perhaps, dispense with the scenery (although I think it a great pity), but what one sees is not the cast on the stage, but the cast with a horrible background of one's fellow audience members on the other side of the theatre, a disadvantage which at Edinburgh was lamentable.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.8 CHARLES H. GIBBS-SMITH

A Sceptical Chemist

Sir,—Mr. Charles Vernon, reported as a 'sceptical chemist' in THE LISTENER of April 3, tells us that 'one cannot get energy out of breaking a bond' (i.e., a chemical bond between atoms). Not so sceptical chemists know otherwise. Tap a small crystal of lead azide, for instance, and the chemical bonds of its lead and nitrogen atoms will break in a violent

miniature explosion, releasing energy which can be used to do work.

Why then the objection to the biochemical concept of high-energy phosphate bonds breaking and thus releasing energy to do the work of maintaining life?

The suggestion that processes of life can be satisfactorily interpreted in terms of free energy, entropy, efficiency, and so on is hardly tenable. The most efficient man—the one who produces least heat per unit of work done—is the man suffering from myxoedema, a disease due to failure of the thyroid gland to function normally.—Yours, etc.,

Sevenoaks

R. L. WORRALL

'Japan and her Destiny'

Sir,—Your reviewer's appreciation of the high qualities of the late Mamoru Shigemitsu (THE LISTENER, April 10), is welcome to those who knew that courageous diplomat and statesman

before the Shidehara policy of which he was a convinced supporter was wrecked by Japanese militarists.

I well recall at the time of the Mukden coup how vigorously he declared to me in Shanghai that that action had undermined all the efforts of Japan to secure a peaceful solution of China's foreign relationships in co-operation with the United Kingdom and the United States of America. With tears in his eyes he averred that all his own work in that direction had been nullified. In discussion with me in London, nearly ten years later, he maintained his correct diplomatic attitude as a patriotic Japanese but it was pleasant to observe that his friendship with Great Britain, overclouded though it was by the 'Axis' problem, still held good in the unhappily vain hope that a break might miraculously be averted.

Yours, etc.,

Worthing

EDWIN HAWARD

Africa Alive

(continued from page 647)

division of labour was dictated largely by custom, age, and sex, and the properties of money were unknown. Virtually the whole of the indigenous peoples of east and central Africa were living like this only fifty years ago. Today there is hardly a tribal group that has not at some stage at least come into contact with the modern money exchange economy. Some African societies have become almost completely absorbed in it. Others are still only on the fringe. But the encroachment of the money exchange economy has been rapid and relentless.

Contrast this situation with conditions in England on the eve of the Industrial Revolution. The events of that time, revolutionary as they were, were not the result of the permeation of a money economy into a subsistence society. Money had been in use for centuries and its properties and dangers had been recognised. Thirteenth-century Europe experienced a period of rapid rise in prices. We all know that Henry VIII debased the coinage, but the significance is frequently overlooked of there being a coinage that could be debased some 200 years before the Industrial Revolution. By the time we faced our eighteenth-century Industrial Revolution we had already been through many others. In a sense, the eighteenth-century revolution was but one of a series, and, as we are finding in some ways to our discomfort today, it was not the last. In Africa, on the other hand, a way of life that had remained unchanged for centuries has within a generation been engulfed in a world economy.

There is another difference, too. In the eighteenth century we managed to pass through a period of economic and social change more or less on our own. I do not mean that economic opportunities were not expanded and that our economy did not become more securely dovetailed with foreign powers; this process was indeed the essence of it. But we did not have world organisations looking at us, telling us that we were underprivileged, underdeveloped, and underpaid, and pointing to the great gap between our net output and that of the other

Powers. We were first in the field, and the consumption patterns of other communities were not always dangled before our eyes as a standard that we had some inherent right to reach and that we felt we had to emulate, for prestige reasons as much as anything else. Not that knowledge of these standards is necessarily a bad thing. This close observation of other countries' standards has become known in the jargon of economists as the international demonstration effect, and it has been argued that it inhibits saving in poor countries by encouraging spending on luxuries in order to keep up with the Joneses—who live thousands of miles away in a style which is known through advertisements and films. The argument certainly has some validity, but Bauer and Yamey draw attention to significant qualifications. To keep up with the international Joneses you must earn an income comparable to theirs; and to do that you almost certainly need to accumulate capital. Indeed, as far as private individuals are concerned, the larger the carrot the more will they strive to get it, and be prepared to save for it.

Towns, too, in the eighteenth century were not totally new centres. It is perfectly true that the growing industrial towns of the time were somewhat different from those that people had become accustomed to. The old Norwicks and Bristols were different places from the Birminghams and Manchesters. Furthermore, there was a shift in importance from the old towns in the south and west to the new industrial centres of the north and east. But, and this is the significant point, town life, with all that it implies, had been with us for generations. In much of east and central Africa, on the other hand, towns of any sort, whether dominated by merchants or industrialists, hardly existed at all. Indeed, in many areas there were not even any villages, only a collection of scattered huts. And a town is not just a cluster of dwellings writ large.

It is the movement of people into towns that forms one of the most significant aspects of the economic landscape of parts of Africa today. Hardly any territory has escaped from it, al-

though the degree varies considerably. One could have wished, therefore, that this downward drift of Africans with the many pressing problems arising from it had received more prominence in Bauer and Yamey's analysis. Indeed, they maintain that 'in underdeveloped countries administrators usually are members of the urban community, the interests of which, especially in the short run, often diverge from those of the rural population. This tends to weight the scales of official policy in favour of the urban community'.

This observation certainly cannot be applied to east and central Africa. On the contrary, British administrations have tended to regard the African townsman as a very much less desirable person than his rural counterpart. It is the African on the land who has won the favour of district officers, not the urbanised African. Life in towns has been regarded by administrators—and also for that matter by the African people themselves—as a deviation from the norm, something that is temporary and that is finished with as soon as possible. The real African, one hears so frequently, is not the townsman but the African on the land. This, however, is becoming less and less a reality as thousands of men, women, and children are flocking every year into the great urban and industrial centres. Yet in many cases both legislation and regulations are still being enforced by governments who are thinking in terms of the rural African as being the only one.

The value of the two publications by Bauer and Yamey lies for me in the way they set the problems of economic development in the context of individual effort and social change. It is not much more than half a century ago, at a time when most of the territories of Africa were just beginning their journey towards economic maturity, that a great economist wrote that economics was 'on one side a study of wealth; and on the other and more important side a part of the study of man'. It is to the credit of Bauer and Yamey that they have not forgotten the more important side of their subject.

—Third Programme

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

IF only Joseph Wright of Derby had been an American, what pages of instructive moralising his works might have inspired. His persistent refusal to flatter his sitters would have contrasted so effectively with the servile complaisance of European portrait-painters and put even the young Copley's rugged individualism into the shade. His lively interest in the Industrial Revolution would have been the mark of a healthy realism such as was nowhere displayed in the obscurantist art designed to please an effete aristocracy. And so on.

But, as it is, the admirable exhibition of his work at the Tate Gallery presents one with a much more complex character and a much less straightforward artistic development. His realism, which adds so greatly to the interest of his portraits and even led him to execute certain drawings of industrial processes which at first sight might be taken for something done during the last fifty years, turns out to have been strangely capricious in its operation. He may not have been able to flatter Sir Richard Arkwright, sitting in absurd self-satisfaction in front of pillar and curtain with a model of his celebrated spinning machine on a table by his side. But no one, not even the most unscrupulous left-wing propagandists in latter-day posters or films, has so outrageously transfigured the worker and his family as Wright in his painting of an iron forge. And, as Mr. Benedict Nicolson points out in his most informative and intelligent catalogue, it was romanticism rather than realism that led him to study the foundry, the orrery, and the air-pump; he approached such subjects in much the same spirit as he contemplated grottoes in Capri, the Girandola in Rome, waterfalls, or Miravan opening the tomb of his ancestors.

Wright's range of subjects is so interesting and varied, his work is so curious a document in the history of taste, that it is not always easy to recognise the more technical limitations of his art. His interest in effects of artificial light, carried to extreme lengths in his painting of boys fighting over a bladder by the light of an overturned candle, can hardly be said to have any such aesthetic justification as may be found in the works of Latour. Here and there he contrives passages where his paint takes on a richness and a quality not unlike that of Greuze—but in the darks which his methods of lighting often required to be widespread and emphatic his medium is apt to become muddy and opaque.

His defects are perhaps most apparent in his landscape painting, as his merits are in his most direct and straightforward portraits; his feeling for structure in hill, rocks, or foliage is curiously

weak and he was usually content to display the amateur's aptitude for discovering what is most immediately striking and picturesque. Here, in fact, his originality of vision was apt to desert him, but elsewhere, though it sometimes outran his artistic capacity, it was as remarkable as any-



'Sir Richard Arkwright', by Joseph Wright: from the exhibition 'Joseph Wright of Derby, 1734-1797', at the Tate Gallery

thing in the history of eighteenth-century English art.

The Italians seem to be the only painters who allow cheerfulness to keep on breaking into modern art. The realists of today are notoriously morose, and though action painting might appear to be incapable by its very nature of expressing any emotion whatever there is in fact an ominous and oppressive quality about most work in this style which starts critics muttering about the age of atomic warfare. Tancredi, at the Hanover Gallery, is a young Italian who has obviously studied the *tachistes*, but instead of letting anger come out in an uninhibited exhaustion of the contents of Daddy's paint box, he makes his neat but lively patterns flutter gaily across the canvas. His colour is charming, his

touch is light and sensitive, and the intricacy of his designs suggests that he has gone on elaborating them so as not to come to the end of the pleasure of spinning so delicate a web.

Dora Maar's landscapes, at the Leicester Galleries, are the last thing one would expect of any artist who has exhibited with the surrealists and has known Picasso well enough to have her portrait painted by him: they are, indeed, the last thing one would expect of any artist working in France at the present time. Her exquisitely precise watercolours, pointillist in technique, reveal in spite of the slightness of their notation the closest inspection of structure and space. Her oils are more freely painted, with some looseness in the handling, but they are always based on the exact study of the particular landscape and light that she had chosen as her theme. Russell Drysdale, at the same gallery, paints the people and landscape of Northern Australia with expressionist intensity and a sombre romanticism. Everything is portentous, approached in the state of mind—'Death dances at Melville'—which informs the artist's preface to the catalogue, but for all that there is some amplitude in his forms and a firm control in the disposition of his designs.

Marcel Cardinal, a Canadian artist exhibiting in London for the first time, at Matthiesen's Gallery, uses the action painter's technique but often allows some allusion to recognisable objects to appear in his work; in his use of colour and handling of the medium he is highly professional and immediately effective. Mr. Julian Trevelyan's new paintings at the Zwemmer Gallery include recognisable if markedly stylised landscapes, the Thames at Chiswick and the lunar desert near Siena, but he also shows variations on such themes which become progressively more abstract. His colour seems to have become more subtle and less obviously decorative than in his earlier works. Mr. Frederick Gore, at the Mayor Gallery, shows Majorcan landscapes which are *fauve* in colouring but more direct and straightforward in observation of nature than the average *fauve* painting; as a result they have a certain modesty and candour.

Both Tooth's and Roland, Browse and Delbanco's Galleries have distinguished collections of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French works; at the first there is an admirable Marquet, a fine Forain, and excellent examples of N. de Stael's latest manner; at the second there are a landscape by Degas and another by Maillol as well as some particularly fine drawings by Modigliani. The Redfern Gallery has arranged an interesting miscellany of paintings of religious subjects by modern artists: these include works by Stanley Spencer, Graham Sutherland, Rouault, and Emile Bernard.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Aku-Aku. The Secret of Easter Island.

By Thor Heyerdahl.

Allen and Unwin. 21s.

THE THING ABOUT *The Kon-Tiki Expedition* was not the book but the raft. The book wrote itself, defined, carried, enlivened by that balsa raft floating so slightly over the Pacific. One cared little for the author's ideas, everything for his experience. To estimate his new *Aku-Aku* one must find how much it succeeds as a story, and how much it elucidates the enigmas and statues of Easter Island, which Mr. Heyerdahl has visited, not on a raft, but in a trawler, with his wife and children and archaeologists. There are these two problems because of two Mr. Heyerdahls, the salesman and the romantic who has twinges of archaeological conscience. The one Mr. Heyerdahl writes with the provincialism of the mass mind, the other Mr. Heyerdahl evades the reasoned answer. Mr. Heyerdahl No. 2 could have stuck resolutely to the enigmas of the island, sure that the undiluted attack would have produced a virtuously entertaining, if not an internationally best-selling, book. But Mr. Heyerdahl No. 1 demands and supplies a human story: Will the natives really come clean, or won't they, in several chapters, about the underground family caves in which they still keep inherited carvings of magico-religious importance?

The caves are a valuable discovery, but they do not answer the whys of Easter Island. And since, though he is skilful at suspense, Mr. Heyerdahl is singularly unskilful at constructing a book without a raft to help him, this human story of the caves does not mix with the prehistory; which in turn does not mix well with Mr. Heyerdahl's romanticism.

Who set up the statues? Is there a case for saying that pre-Inca migrants from South America with a tradition of stone carving came to Easter Island with the help of east-west ocean currents? There is; but Mr. Heyerdahl keeps damaging this exciting case by asserting fancies as Q.E.D.s. If someone in the very mixed European-Pacific population of the island looks white and has red hair, why shouldn't he descend from pre-Inca South Americans who were white and had red hair (and not from a red-headed Geordie out of Tyneside)? Living descendants of his postulated red-heads (who were attacked and reduced by Polynesian invaders) still, so we are told, remember how to carve statues and how to transport them from the volcano quarry. How does Mr. Heyerdahl know? Because six islanders, at his request, attempted to cut a statue out of the rock. They splashed the rock and picked at it with stone picks lying about in the quarry. Their attempt was feeble in the extreme and was soon given up. Under a photograph of this failure the caption reads 'For the first time for hundreds of years a statue is being made . . .'

How were the statues moved?—which is only a Sunday newspaper mystery. Easter Islanders, prompted by Mr. Heyerdahl, put ropes round the neck of a reclining statue, and pulled, 150 of them, and the statue began to move. 'At last we had seen how water and stone picks could

gnaw the statues out of the solid rock'—no one supposed that the Easter Islanders bit them out with their front teeth—'if only one had sufficient time; we had seen how ropes and wooden runners could move the giants from place to place, if only there were enough hands and feet to help'. And so on; in a book which falls short both as an adventure story and as an attempt at popular archaeology.

By Way of Sainte-Beuve. By Marcel Proust. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

One of the most moving items in the Proust Exhibition of 1955 was the MS. of *Contre Sainte-Beuve*; the hand-writing, which in *Jean Santeuil* had flowed with confidence and ease, here became tense with creative pressure. We had under our eyes, at last, the evidence of the turning-point in Proust's life when *La Recherche* had begun to impose itself after the false starts and apparent defeat. This manuscript, deciphered and reconstituted by M. de Fallois, was published in 1954; now we have a translation of it by Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner which is a triumph of scholarship and intuition.

It may be more appropriate than one had imagined that Proust's translator should be a medievalist, Miss Townsend Warner's insight into the medieval sensibility, which she exercised with such brilliant effect in her novel *They Come, They Go*, is put to the service of Proust when he perceives the way light passes through stained-glass, for example, as in a Tree of Jesse:

In our minds the people take on the purity of their immaterial nomenclature. To the left, a clove pink, then the tree ascends; on the right a wild rose, and the tree ascends, on the left a lily, still the stem of the tree goes up. . . .

The rhythmical accomplishment of such a passage is that this is Proust rendered back into the Ruskin he had translated in the months when *Contre Sainte-Beuve* was germinating in his mind. Occasionally we are held up by what seems a pedantry, but the context soon demonstrates its felicitous accuracy. All the more unexpected, therefore, that Miss Townsend Warner has allowed an unfortunate misprint in her introduction: 'Vatelle won't take Sainte-Beuve', she quotes from a letter of Proust to Georges de Lauris—surely this should read *Valette*. It may seem a small matter until one remembers that Valette was editor of the powerful *Mercur* and that his refusal foreshadowed Gide's subsequent rejection of *Chez Swann* at the N.R.F. Perhaps the most interesting result of Proustian research in the last ten years is our increased knowledge of the obstacles which Proust had to overcome, in himself and the literary world of his time, before his masterpiece could make its way.

Contre Sainte-Beuve has now entered the canon of English Proust translations and it can be taken for granted that devotees will want to possess this volume. It may even entice new readers, for here all the themes of the stupendous symphony receive their first exciting statement. Miss Townsend Warner has softened the

Contre of the title into an adroit 'By way of', and indeed it was by means of his recoil from Sainte-Beuve's 'method' that Proust discovered his own 'way'. The first polemical intentions of the essay disappeared as the work took shape but he kept the ferocious chapter in which Sainte-Beuve was pilloried for his treatment of Baudelaire—one of the most effective defences of the creative artist against the strait-jacket of critical system ever written. The whole book is inexhaustibly rich, not only in the Sainte-Beuve essay but also in the miscellaneous studies which complete it; the piece on Chardin, for example, has all the mature Proustian *finesse*. Presumably it is too much to hope that those who complacently refuse to follow up the recommendations of the Wolfenden Report could be persuaded to read those terrible pages called: 'A Race Accursed'.

Gibbon and Rome. By E. J. Oliver.

Sheed and Ward. 12s. 6d.

The wags of Gibbon's day were fond of asserting that the historian had ended in believing that he *was* the Roman Empire. And now, more seriously, it is the central theme of Mr. Oliver's agreeable study that not only was Rome the grand passion of Gibbon's life, but that he had insensibly identified himself with Rome, and Rome with himself, and that this blend has imparted to his history a unity and a timeless quality such as great novels attain to. We may remember that the first volume of *The Decline and Fall* was read with the avidity more generally accorded to novels. Mr. Oliver has much to say in judicious amplification of this. He further holds that through this obsession with ancient Rome its historian was inevitably involved in antagonism to Christianity. This is perhaps not more than a half-truth, since we must believe that Gibbon's innate scepticism would have matured in any circumstances.

Mr. Oliver in fact points the way to this view in underlining an important aspect of his subject's character. 'He had', he says, 'a very sharp eye for hypocrisy and unlike all those who condemn it, he was equally on guard against any signs of it in himself'. Again he reminds us that Gibbon had been largely inspired by the mystic William Law of whom he wrote, 'a philosopher must allow that he exposes with equal severity and truth the strange contradiction between the faith and practice of the Christian world'. That was fundamentally Gibbon's theme in his history of Christianity, and if his outraged contemporaries were too blind to see it, Mr. Oliver suggests that Gibbon rendered a service to the churches by rousing them from their lethargy. It is worth noting that recently Mr. Roger Pilkington has attributed the same beneficent result among nineteenth-century theologians to Darwinism. Probably then one should not attach all the importance to Gibbon's temporary conversion to Rome that appears in Mr. Oliver's pages. He certainly throws some new light upon it with details of the Jesuit Persons and his book *A Christian Directory Guiding Men to their Eternal Salvation*. This had been reprinted in 1753, the year

BARBARA KELLY ASKS FOR HELP

'I'm asking you to help in the fight against cruelty to children', says Barbara Kelly. 'The other day the N.S.P.C.C. told me of a recent case which really shocked me. We have all heard people talking about cruelty to children—but it isn't until we read the actual details that we realise what we are up against'.

'This particular woman had lashed her six-year-old daughter with a knotted rope for a whole hour. A neighbour heard the child screaming and crying "I'm sorry, Mummy" while the mother shouted "Why were you sitting on the doorstep in your pyjamas?" and "I'll — well kill you!" Later the child was seen with C-shaped marks on her swollen face and wearing an eyeshield. There were also bruises on her arms, neck, and hands. The mother was prosecuted by the N.S.P.C.C., convicted, and sent to prison for six months. The child was put in the care of the local Council's Children's Department.'

This little girl is only one of thousands of children who need your help. There are two ways in which you can assist the N.S.P.C.C. in its valuable work. The first is by reporting any cases of cruelty or neglect that come to your notice. The second is to



follow Barbara Kelly's example and enrol yourself now as a member of the N.S.P.C.C. A donation of 5s. or more secures membership. Just send the money to Barbara Kelly, N.S.P.C.C., 65 Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2, and she will acknowledge it personally.

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'The Word of God . . . without a blow hath disseminated itself through the whole earth'

(RELIGIO MEDICI, 1643)

When Sir Thomas Browne, Physician of Norwich, thus wrote, his claim was more prophetic than factual. Only since the foundation of the Bible Society in 1804 — midway between Browne's time and our own — have his words been literally fulfilled. Last year ten million copies of Scripture were sent out by this Society, in 844 languages, 'without a blow . . . through the whole earth'.

The Bible Society would undoubtedly have numbered Sir Thomas Browne among its most generous subscribers, had it existed in his day. So typical an Englishman cannot fail to have his modern counterparts, to whose generosity the Society appeals with confidence in 1958.

Further information from

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of Gibbon's conversion, and he once mentioned it to Sheffield as having greatly influenced him. This additional information does not detract from the view that Gibbon's conversion was the boyish escapade of a born sceptic. At any rate Mr. Oliver is justified in saying that if Gibbon's conversion to Rome was temporary, that affords no reason for saying that he had no experience or understanding of religion.

Mr. Oliver's sympathetic survey of Gibbon's life and his warm admiration of his writings are based on a mastery of the sources including having *The Decline and Fall* at his finger tips. In his conclusion he says:

Today historians and their readers are more interested in the decline and fall of Europe than in that of the Roman Empire. Yet it is perhaps today and for precisely that reason that Gibbon is read with more interest than ever before, because he presents so lucid a picture of what happens in the disruption of civilisation and the emergence of a new world.

Death of the Last Republic. The Story of the Anglo-Boer War

By Peter Gibbs. Muller. 25s.

James Barry Munnik Hertzog

By Oswald Pirow.

Allen and Unwin. 22s. 6d.

South Africa is much in the public eye and is not always seen in a favourable light. It is, therefore, pleasant to read two books which deservedly speak well of the land and its people. The first is a good-tempered account of the South African war by a Rhodesian who knows Southern Africa well; the other is a straightforward biography of a great and much misunderstood Afrikaner statesman by a close friend and sometime ministerial colleague.

Whether they be republican-minded or no, Afrikaners look back with justifiable pride to the stand made by the Transvaal and Orange Free State from 1899 till 1902 against the unwieldy and often poorly led might of the British Empire. Mr. Gibbs tells the story briefly and readably, helping out his text with admirable photographs, useful maps, and a saving sense of humour. Handling strategy broadly, he shows how mistaken Sir George White was to allow himself to be cut off in remote Ladysmith; how, after that, the republicans missed their great chance by not sweeping right down to Durban when they could well have done so, and, finally, how brilliantly Lord Roberts solved the problem, after his belated arrival, by cutting loose from the railways and sending his massed cavalry out into the blue on a sweep that relieved Kimberley and rounded up four thousand Boers at Paardeberg. He tells the truth about the concentration camps, stressing the immense task that faced the British, who had to maintain Boer women and children while their men were still fighting. He deals adequately with the Vereeniging negotiations which ended the disastrous struggle.

Once peace had been made, Lord Kitchener said hopefully to the Boer leaders, 'We are good friends now'. That he was not altogether a true prophet can be explained by the impact of the war on a small aristocratic-minded people, who could not readily forget what they had gone through and the loss of their cherished independence. Few of them took it harder than General Hertzog, whose story Mr. Pirow tells. Hertzog was born in the liberal western Cape

Colony and early went north to the Free State. As a typical Afrikaner, he valued education so highly that he went to the Netherlands, France, and Germany for post-graduate study in law. On the outbreak of the South African war, he descended from the Free State Bench to become, surprisingly, a first-class guerrilla fighter, who maintained unwonted discipline and led a notable raid deep into the Cape Colony. Thereafter, he held office, first, in the self-governing Free State and, later, in General Botha's first Union ministry.

From the start, he set himself to protect the Afrikaner way of life and the Afrikaners language against British pressure, and to save the Union from being dragged in the wake of the Empire. In 1913 he parted company with Botha and formed his own National Party, and was rewarded for having turned the 'Nelson eye' on the Afrikaner rebellion of 1914 by seeing swarms of sympathisers flocking to his side. His party had become so strong by 1924 that, after joining hands with the Labour Party, he became head of a Pact ministry, which held office for eight years. During that period, Hertzog reached the peak of his career, for he more than any other man secured the Balfour Declaration of 1926, which, by defining Dominion status, gave South Africa the independence which the two Republics had lost in 1902.

The author shows that Hertzog was always moderate. Anti-imperialist he was, but never anti-British. He held that the Cape Coloured folk should be 'accepted economically, industrially and politically', though not socially, as being 'next to the white man' whose civilisation they shared; he even wished to extend the franchise, which their men had long enjoyed in the Cape, to Coloured men and women throughout the Union. Asians he wished to segregate and shut out. As for the vast Bantu majority, he desired to segregate them and virtually to disfranchise those of them who lived in the Cape. He was only able to carry through most of his Bantu policy after he had joined hands with Smuts. Mr. Pirow writes with perhaps pardonable bitterness of Smuts' antagonism to his hero, and of Dr. Malan's hostility, which drove him into the wilderness.

Marcus Clarke. By Brian Elliott.

Oxford. 35s.

Marcus Clarke makes an odd figure, laid out in formal state by the Clarendon Press and accorded the full Oxford treatment: rag paper, dark blue boards, and gold lettered spine. As a person Clarke was a light-weight, a self-appointed card; as a writer, he produced one important novel, *For the Term of His Natural Life*, almost in spite of himself and was unable to follow it up with anything of comparable value. In a life of journalism he never evolved a really personal style; as poet, dramatist, and short story writer he was unremarkable; even his picturesque articles on the life about him—in Melbourne, on the gold fields, and on sheep stations—are the concern of the historian far more than of the critic or the common reader. As a scholar—and Clarke made some claim to be a literary pontiff—his talents were, not unexpectedly, pathetically slight. And for all his vast literary production there is curiously little evidence on which to base the story of his life.

He took neither himself nor his career seriously, and left no thoughtful record of either; never separated from his wife, there is no exchange of letters to illumine what remains a dark and drab relationship. His talents were rare enough in mid-nineteenth-century Melbourne to be over-valued, and he was not subjected to steady and reliable appraisal either in his lifetime or shortly after it. Yet, for all this, the format of the *Life* is a suitable one. Mr. Elliott has written a definitive biography, even if it is of a scarcely definable man.

He cannot bring Clarke to life. The direct evidence is too scanty, and Mr. Elliott declines to play the social historian and, by reconstructing Clarke's world, invite us to imagine him moving in it. He is concerned with the chain of evidence, and when this fails he is content to leave a gap. The pleasure to be derived from this book is, indeed, largely owing to the tact and expertise of Mr. Elliott's detective work. Clarke's youth, especially his relations with his father (his mother died when he was a small child), his early banking career in Melbourne, his sheep station experience, his friendships, his marriage, and a love affair; all these have to be glimpsed between the lines of his professional output; Mr. Elliott has to wait for moments when the style seems suddenly less jaunty, or takes on a note of conviction, before he can say: this sounds like autobiography.

Though fair, sometimes painfully fair, he is alert to any chance of presenting his hero in a sympathetic light. Clarke the writer of occasional pieces is beyond reinstatement, but Mr. Elliott saves him from being written down as the author of a historical novel which succeeded largely because of its sensational details, by stressing that the struggle of the hero of *For the Term of His Natural Life* 'is a struggle with life, not primarily with a local or historical environment'. Clarke had a theme he felt strongly about, man against destiny. He expressed it in terms of the transportation system, but the book was far more than a novelised document. If the seriousness which gives it life had outcropped more frequently in Clarke's own story, his biographer would have had an easier task. But he remained to the end the man for whom he himself, as a schoolboy, had written a not unfitting epitaph:

Hic jacet
MARCUS CLERICUS
qui non malus 'coonius
consideratus fuit.

Turkestan Alive. By Basil Davidson. Cape. 25s.

At first sight this might appear to be little more than a pleasantly discursive account of the vast but little-known province of Sinkiang, the Chinese Turkestan of former times, by a peripatetic journalist. But it soon becomes clear that, besides having an attractive and often witty style, the author is a keen observer, who has produced a valuable first-hand report, not only on the striking developments now taking place in China's far north-west, but also on its largely non-Chinese peoples and their reaction to Communist economic planning.

Owing to geographical and other difficulties. Sinkiang has hitherto been largely inaccessible to the outside world. Of the relative handful of Western travellers who started to penetrate its fastnesses in the latter part of last century,

several lost their lives, though the names of Younghusband, Sven Hedin, and Aurel Stein stand out amongst those who survived. Thereafter, from 1918 onwards until the Communists came into power in 1949, civil wars, native risings and rebellions, and Soviet intrigue served to keep these sparsely-populated 600,000 square miles virtually sealed off from first-hand Western observation. It is a welcome sign, therefore, that Peking is now showing sufficient confidence in its own achievements in this far-away corner of its domains to allow Western journalists and others to see it with their own eyes.

The author, who set off on his travels in May 1956, was the first to receive the necessary permission; and it is significant of the great changes that have taken place in recent years that, whereas earlier travellers had to undergo many weeks of arduous overland travel under primitive conditions, he was able to fly in comfort and, in some of the larger towns visited, stay in newly-constructed hotels supplied with every modern convenience. Instead, moreover, of the slow-moving caravans and camel transport of old, he found that motor-lorry traffic had largely taken their place; and the great new trans-Asian railway, which is shortly to link the main Chinese railway system with the Soviet Turk-Sib, was already nearing the Sinkiang capital.

Reports that Peking was planning to transform Lanchow, the gateway to China's far north-west, into a great industrial centre and workshop like Manchuria, have been current for some time past. Mr. Davidson's observations not only confirm that these plans are already well under way; they show also that the hitherto isolated towns and villages of Sinkiang—Urumchi, Manass, and the far-distant Kashgar and Ili among others—are likewise in process of transformation and that tremendous industrial expansion is expected by 1967, when China's third five-year plan is due for completion. In the meantime, the formerly backward, illiterate people of this now autonomous region—Uighurs, Kazakhs, Tadjiks, and Uzbeks—are being educated and trained for the tasks that lie ahead.

The author, who was able to travel widely and freely and to meet men and women of all kinds, was struck by the cheerful, friendly air of the people at large and he states categorically that, although China is no Utopia, he himself found 'neither repression nor the atmosphere of repression in Sinkiang, but the reverse of these'. His vivid descriptions of this once almost legendary land and its people seem to bear this out and his excellent photographs help to enhance an extremely readable and valuable report.

The Birds of Aristophanes. A new English version by Dudley Fitts. Faber. 15s.

'The Birds' was produced at the Great Dionysia in 414 B.C. It won second prize, the first prize being taken by Ameipsias with a comedy called 'The Revellers'. It was a period of almost hysterical optimism in Athens. The Peace of Nikias was still in force, the Sicilian expedition which was to restore Athenian fortunes had sailed, but had not yet come to disaster. The only ill-augury had been the mutilation of the Hermæ; and it has been conjectured that 'The Revellers' referred to this curious piece of symbolic vandalism and, for that immediate reason, was preferred to 'The Birds'. 'The Birds' is topical only in a general way, if one

takes it as reflecting the general mood of Utopia-round-the-corner, and indeed pie in the sky.

Because it is the least topical of all Aristophanes' comedies, the purest phantasy, it is possible to hold that it should be the easiest to appreciate, in any age, and the easiest to translate. This has not ever seemed to be the case. The translator's problem is to find an idiom which is natural yet pure, of the age for which he translates, yet not obviously vulgar. In complete contrast to all the other plays, a striving after modern parallels should be avoided. When Herakles in Mr. Fitts' version advises the murder of the man who 'shut the gods out with this here Stone Curtain' it is a good joke—and a reasonable translation—but hopelessly out of key with the climate of the play.

It must be emphasised that Mr. Fitts, being a good American scholar naturally translates into good American. The rhythms of his verse and the colloquialisms belong to his language, not ours. Peisthetairos says, 'Why not stick around'; Herakles, a real gangster, suggests 'just croak the guy'. What is questionable is whether Mr. Fitts' Aristophanic-Hollywood-Broadwaywardness is viable in this particular case. The Americanness of his 'Lysistrata' on the stage has been reduced to a minimum and the immediacy of the theme implements that reduction. There is no such immediacy in 'The Birds' and it would be difficult to imagine an English cast speaking this text as it stands without mangling the poetry; and, as Mr. Fitts writes, 'it is my faith that the poem is what matters most'. In this play he is incontrovertibly right, and to read it is to realise how different our languages are. This is good steady American poetry; Mr. Fitts is at his most felicitous in his lyrical bird-choruses after the manner of Pound; his dialogue has not the flexibility or rhythmic impulse of his two previous translations. It is a thoroughly scholarly and workmanlike job.

The First Labour Government, 1924 By Richard W. Lyman. Chapman and Hall. 25s.

Mr. Lyman's book, which is excellently documented and indexed, is a very fair appraisal of the 1924 Labour Government of the events that brought it into office, of its personnel, its successes and failures, and of its fall. He brings out the very small shift in the popular vote in the 1923 election—only 113,000 in all lost by Labour to the Tories—and the actual gain of over a million, mainly, of course, at the expense of the Liberals, which the 'Red Letter election' showed. He quotes the incautious brag of Asquith, in announcing the Liberal decision to support MacDonald, that 'it is we, if we really understand our business, who really control the situation', and the further hint that if Labour did not behave the King, sooner than allow another dissolution, would send for Mr. Asquith. He gives full credit to the Labour Government for the housing policy which it owed to John Wheatley, reasonable credit to its foreign policy which, he thinks, if it did not get very far by itself, at least smoothed the way for Locarno; he criticises it for muddleheadedness about India and the Colonies, and more strongly for doing nothing effective about unemployment, although he points out with justice that neither socialist nor any other economists had at that date any ideas of what could be done immediately—if they had, Philip Snowden's fiscal

policies would certainly not have allowed their ideas to be tried.

On personnel, he thinks the Cabinet was probably the best that could have been achieved at the time and that several of its members did pretty well; he is, on the whole, gentle with MacDonald himself, while allowing himself to draw attention to certain weaknesses of character—vanity, ill-treatment of Arthur Henderson—and to cloudiness of thought and speech, all of which became disastrously evident in 1929-1931. In general, he stresses the great difficulty which any government, minority or majority, would have had in trying, for the first time, to translate the 'glorious aspirations' on which the socialist movement had been built and Labour and the New Social Order drawn up in 1918, into effective legislation; and he shows quite clearly that it was the 'not ignoble attempt' to make an agreement with the Soviet Union that enabled Lloyd George, Campbell case or no Campbell case, to bring the Government down. On the question of the Zinoviev letter itself, he is disappointingly inconclusive—most people now believe that it was either a forgery or a document drawn up for another purpose—while agreeing that, notwithstanding MacDonald's inept handling of the situation, it probably made little difference to the election, the main result of which was to crush the Liberals. On one or two other points readers may question some of Mr. Lyman's conclusions; but of the value of his book as a whole there can be no question.

The History of Letheringsett. By Basil Cozens-Hardy. Jarrold. 22s. 6d.

The history of a tiny village in north Norfolk might seem a somewhat parochial affair, of interest only to those who live thereabouts. This history of Letheringsett, however, is no mere local guide. The author is a scholarly antiquarian who has made other distinguished contributions to local history. His book is a source of detailed information for the social historian. It tells how the phases of our history affected outlying parts of the country. How, for instance, did they check up on dates when there were no written records? In 1433 they wanted to know when a certain John de la Ville was born, so they got together twelve men to fix it by associating John's birth with some other event; thus: 'Thomas Banyard remembers likewise because that day his son Robert perished in the well in his garden'. From the manorial court rolls we learn how local government in the sixteenth century dealt with unringed pigs and uncleared water-courses, while later on there were the Visitations in search of the social deviationists of the day. In 1611 they reported on: 'Francis Kempe, gent. He is a recusant papist and obstinately refuses to receive the holic communion and is excommunicated'. He was not, be it noted, executed as an enemy of the People. Further information is derived from the diary of Mary Hardy, an ancestress of the author, whose husband made his money by brewing in the village. His family accumulated property and laid out an estate which was highly commended by Cobbett. It also inspired a poem by one, W. Stones, who was so entranced that he could scarcely drag himself away:

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Peeks at People

THE POLICY of treating other people as a strange animal species and strange animal species as other people continues to illuminate both the human and the animal condition. Last week we visited that part of the human zoo where the inhabitants live in separate cages and are thrown an occasional bottle of gin, this week the camera nosed its way through the wire netting of a more crowded section to give us the inside story on cohabitation. 'Now We Are Married', on



'To Bafut for Beef—II' on April 9: Bafutian children bringing animals in their calabashes to sell to Gerald Durrell for his collection

April 11, was not a dramatised version of the later fortunes of Christopher Robin, fascinating as that might be, but a real life 'Eye to Eye' investigation of the effects of the diurnal separation that befalls married couples during the workaday week between the end of breakfast and the beginning of dinner.

To most people this must seem so much part of the nature of things, as old as Eden where without it the Fall would not have occurred, so inevitable and right, even a non-working husband like Mr. Bennet in *Pride and Prejudice* seems to have taken jolly good care to shut himself away for most of the day, as hardly to constitute a 'problem' for the student of society. Still, problem or not, it made a point of departure for a glimpse of how three, or rather four, counting the narrators, different married couples spend much of their time. Richard Findlater and Romany Bain went to the homes of a lorry driver, a journalist, and a business executive, to get the views of the wives on their husband's absence, while, cutting into these interviews, were shots of the lorry sloshing along a wet road, the journalist dictating, and the industrialist sitting down with his colleagues to an enormous expense-account lunch. Some of the marital contrasts were agreeably ironical in an altogether slick and speedy production by Pamela Wilcox Bower; it led us through beguiling sequences to the foregone conclusion that whereas going out to work is essentially a form of play, stay-

ing in at home is essentially a form of work.

Some further domestic matters, alongside the hydrogen bomb, came up for a more lively thrashing out in 'It's My Opinion', a new show, where members of the audience in Marlborough put forward a challenging point of view on some topic of the day for one minute, to which the three 'experts' tried to reply. It was most refreshing to hear unprofessional voices waxing eloquent for a change and to feel the audience intruding into the charmed semi-circle of the opinion-makers.

But are there some questions about us humans too deep for television? The assumption behind 'Lifeline', which returned to the screen on April 10, is that there are not, and it just manages to survive its indifference to reticence by the finely judged tone of its Consultant Psychiatrist, frank and detached, always germane to the question without being over-clinical. In tackling psychosomatic illness this time he invited to the studio a patient who had been successfully treated many years ago, and whose case as her physician outlined it showed wonderfully clearly how an intolerable moral situation may result in physical disorders in themselves quite inexplicable. It seemed a pity that so admirably clear and impersonal account of a subtle scientific matter should have been confused at the close with the controversial religious question of stigmata.

Our intimacy with a large variety of animals has, thanks on the one hand to the Durrells, and on the other to Peter Scott, kept pace with these revealing peeks at people. The Fon did



Sir Compton Mackenzie 'Speaking Personally' on April 10



Nymph of a damselfly seen in 'Look: A Tale of Two Worlds' on April 11

John Cura

indeed reappear in the second instalment of 'To Bafut for Beef', at the grass-gathering ceremony before the thatching of his houses, a splendid event; but it was a succession of toads, vipers, skunks, and snakes who were the chief attraction this time along with the Bafutian children who brought them in their calabashes to sell to the Durrells. At last I have seen a snake changing its skin and eating the old one! It was not at all difficult to understand the real affection which these fanged creatures had inspired in their captor and photographer.

Pond life in a peaceful English meadow is not a fin's breadth the less lethal a business than that of the African jungle when you get down to it, as Mr. Scott showed in his commentary on Alan Faulkner Taylor's beautiful film of what goes on above and below the surface all the year round. As you see, the armchair naturalist—and I am rapidly turning into one myself—has had a terrific week.

Undoubtedly the most difficult feat of all to bring off on television is the straight unscripted solo talk full face to the camera, and I cannot withhold any longer my applause for the superb professional ease with which this was performed in 'Speaking Personally' by Sir Compton Mackenzie. Like those candidates for the civil service in classical China who were told, 'Write what you know', the speaker here is required to distil the wisdom of a lifetime into a quarter of an hour. Sir Compton's way was to describe 'four great emotional moments' and comment on their significance. It would be hopeless to attempt any crude summary of what he said. One can only trust that a telerecording was made and that it will be shown soon for those who missed him.

ANTHONY CURTIS

DRAMA

Series of Series

THE DOMESTIC SCREEN is now heavily populated with family men, from the Pepys of Peter Sallis, no example to husbands, to the modern Caxton, Wilfred Pickles, a model of uxorious decency. The Groves left us some time ago and the Starrs shine modestly in their place. In this case small employer is followed by employees. (We are being escorted steadily through the social ranks.) 'The Money Man' takes us to Switzerland, and Leo Lehman, in 'That Great Artist Bisoni', first episode of 'Common Room', takes us to school.

A critic can hardly keep up with all these all the time. He must be a dipper-in and that is not unfair, since the script-writers have to cater for the late-comer and make each episode as self-sufficient as may be. I was in at the first view, however, of Mr. Lehman's pedagogues. The school we encounter, co-educational, might

be called Humdrum House, for most of the staff seem to be dejected folk—I do not complain of such realism—and the pupils are docile and by no means the fauna of a Blackboard Jungle. But the art master is an up-and-coming fellow who cajoles the Headmaster into buying some specimens of up-and-coming painting. It is a fair guess that the knave is planting stuff that is all his own work, but signed with the name of Bisoni. He is discovered and disgraced; but he amply gets his own back when the critics later announce that Bisoni is a Modern Master; the purchases which he wangled have been a nice capital gain for the school.

The half-hour moved easily with Andrew Osborn's guidance, William Devlin as an embarrassed Head, Terence Alexander as the bouncing Bisoni, and Henry Oscar as one of those old-fangled fellows who like a picture to be intelligible. I shall attend this school for further instruction.

I was a late caller on 'Starr and Company', who also seem to live in Humdrum Street. The younger son has tumbled to the fact that our methods of taxation create a floggers' and fiddlers' paradise. Why toil when 'trade' is so much more profitable and is agreeably untaxed? The boy means to set up as a dealer of sorts, but he must have a van, and last week's episode covered his initiation in the car-market, buying a crock from a crook. The time limit here was twenty minutes; too short, surely, for positive results. Dialogue and performance were unforced and natural. On this evidence the Starrs foretell quiet times, but not dull ones.

I have enjoyed some glimpses of 'Captain Moonlight', well written and produced by Kevin Sheldon. Nothing humdrum here. A meek little man who plays the crook-conquering Moonlight, a hero of sound radio, finds himself at large in real life among the thugs whom he knocks for six when on 'the air'. Here is a snappy, hair-raising, helter-skelter series. Nothing is 'ill-met by Moonlight'. Children's Hour on Saturday has been the beneficiary. But this series is much better than some that have been given adult status.

Last Sunday's play, 'The Lost Men', took us back to pre-war England with two Jewish doctors, refugees from Hitler's Germany, arriving as stowaways in London's dockland and remaining as admitted aliens after tense scenes of escape, surrender, nights in the cells, and legal proceedings. The essence of the drama lay in the dilemma of the East Enders who were generously sheltering the couple while the police were

nosing round. Should they take the advice of a Jewish Rabbi and give up the seekers of sanctuary with the probability, but no certainty, of a merciful Home Office verdict? There was, of course, the risk of a harsh verdict, with the poor wretches being exported—to Hitler's hell. Obviously the choice was a dreadful one for their shelterers and effective drama was made of it by Ray Rigby's writing and Harold Clayton's production.

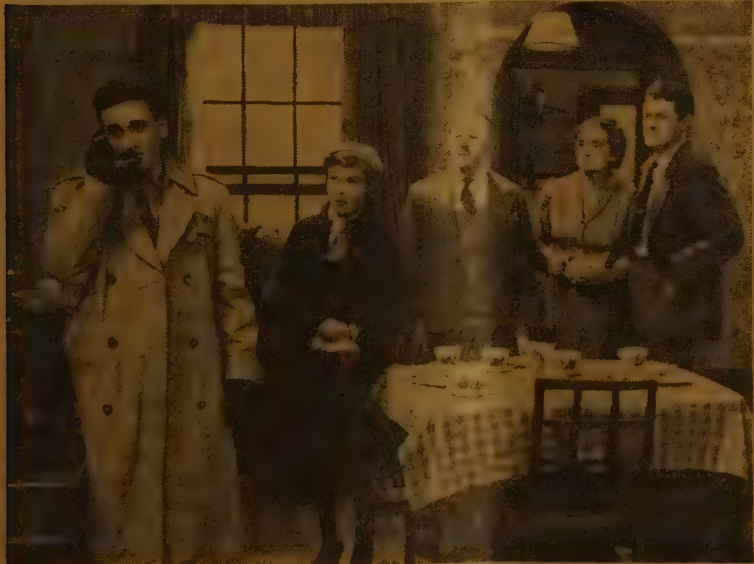
Once more I felt the folly of scheduling these television plays to last ninety minutes. In this case seventy-five would have served better. Towards the end the characters had to go on discussing their dilemma in terms that we had heard several times before. The need at this juncture was for decision, not debate. But the actors had to go on like batsmen playing out time. With that excep-



Terence Alexander (left) as Hendrix and William Devlin as the Headmaster in 'That Great Artist Bisoni'; first of the episodes in 'The Common Room', on April 11



Basil Sydney as General Gordon in the second of the series 'You Are There' on April 9



Scene from 'The Lost Men' on April 13, with (left to right) Sean Lynch as Fred Handwell, Edwina Rendell as Peggy Downs, Julian Somers as Pop Fuller, Marie Burke as Mrs. Fuller, and Alun Owen as Tom Handwell

tion I found this brisk production to be a good example of its kind, not a stage-play photographed, but happily mobile in its switches of the London scene, home, pubs, streets, and police-court.

There was an outstanding performance of the Rabbi by Arnold Marlé. This actor had the showiest part of the play and it could not have been better shown. As a stolid, monosyllabic English type Julian Somers had very little show except moustache, pipe, 'cuppas', pints, racing news, and a heart in the right place. These two performances, with the Rabbi all volubility and the Londoner all taciturnity, made a

fascinating contrast. Marie Burke as an East End mother was also in first-class form: here was character, not a 'character part'. The young men played by Robert Vahey, Alun Owen, and Sean Lynch, were also well in the faithful picture, and Edward Evans showed that he can be as plausible a police officer as ever he was a plausible Papa in the domesticity of the vanished Groves.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Last Quarter

EASTER, MORE OR LESS coinciding with the end of one B.B.C. quarter and the beginning of the next, caught the Drama Department in standing water. Two Third Programme plays were repeats from the previous week, one of an earlier production, leaving 'The Death of Pilate' as the only new item. Terence Tiller's production of his fine version of this vindictive fourteenth-century Cornish Morality was strongly augmented by Elizabeth Poston's score. The Home had Henry Cecil, a judge of caricature, at his most anecdotal on Monday, no mid-week play, and 'Hour of the Rat' on Saturday. Not what even I would call a typical week, but at least it leaves me free to take a more general look at the quarter just ended and the one in progress.

The series of twelve original radio plays for the Home on Mondays was reduced to ten by one non-starter and one transfer to another night. This made possible the late inclusion of one Monday World Theatre production, a repeat of the superb 'Hedda Gabler'. Other apparently late additions were two World Theatre productions on Wednesdays, an unusual night for them. I don't think it is theatrical bias that makes me feel that these, 'Salomé' and 'Anna Christie', were also top-notch. What threatened to be a blank quarter for World Theatre ended with three strong candidates for top honours in anyone's listening list.

One reason why World Theatre nearly didn't come on last quarter may be concerted planning between B.B.C. Sound and Television. Television launched its own ambitious World Theatre series, and another critic has just welcomed 'a decisive return to home cooking after the exotic delicacies' which proved predictably indigestible to many viewers. I still think this was giving away too much of listeners' rights to clear the air for television, but that question can now be closed.

The Monday Home Service programme for this quarter includes a repeat of the 1954 production of 'Ivanov' which will have been heard when this appears. A change of plan towards

the end of the quarter, of which I heard only after writing last week in protest against confining Shakespeare to the Third, will give us a World Theatre 'Merchant of Venice' on a Monday in June. The only other new theatrical production in the Home on a Monday seems to be Masfield's 'Tragedy of Nan'. Of the other Monday offerings I take five to be new radio plays and four adaptations from novels. As there seem to be no stage plays in the Thursday or Saturday series, this reduces theatrical drama in the Home Service to some 10 per cent. of the forty or so productions. This is a deplorably small proportion.

It is, I believe, common ground that some part of the enormous output of broadcast drama must necessarily be ordinary or downright bad. The greater the number of scripts dashed off for only one or two performances, the higher that proportion is likely to become. I have never, whatever Mr. Bradnum suspects, concentrated on inferior productions to prove a point. The list of those I have heard but not discussed in the past fifteen months would fill this column. But take the output at its best, the series of specially commissioned Monday plays for which, it was reported, substantially higher fees were paid. Of these I thought that Robert Bolt's 'The Drunken Sailor', Giles Cooper's 'Without the Grail', and Clemence Dane's 'Scandal at Coventry' variously reached a good standard, though well below that set in previous years by Dylan Thomas and Samuel Beckett. Three others seemed to me worth doing but not entirely successful. Four I found decidedly disappointing. I could not say that I thought even the best of the series measured up to any of the three World Theatre plays as broadcast. I should very much like to know if most regular listeners felt the same, or whether I am in effect merely speaking for myself and a few unknown friends.

If I am right, or at any rate representative, in this reaction it is a fair deduction that the quarter's Home Service drama would have been stronger if it could have included in the Monday series (the peak night for listening to plays) the six best radio scripts—you can't always know which will be the best, but the authors' names suggest that those who would have been the favourites were the ones who led the field in the event—and a theatrical drama selection in which Ibsen, Wilde, and O'Neill were supplemented by, shall we say, Fry, Ustinov, and Tennessee Williams. A recommendation of half-and-half, need I say, is not a demand for nothing but theatrical drama on the air, still less an attack on radio scripts as such. I suppose it to be common sense and something like former standard practice.

My critical moon is in its last quarter in this column. I shall not be here to assess the position after this quarter ends. But on form, as it were, I should back Shakespeare, Chekhov, and Masfield against most of their thirty-seven or so competitors, though I shall give the latter a fair run. I hope regular listeners will keep their own ears to the set. I should expect the Drama Department to be interested to hear their verdicts whether they happen to agree with mine or not. As last quarter's late arrivals in World Theatre show, the battle of standards is not over yet. I believe it is a decisive battle for British broadcasting.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Men at Work

STAR BILLING doesn't necessarily mean a star performer: but it did last week, when the West Region put out a series of five short programmes called 'Johnny by Night'. Johnny was Mr. Johnny Morris, whom I had not heard

before; but I hardly dare to confess this when I recall the pleasure he has given me, and reflect that his remarkable broadcasting technique must be the result of years of experience. His personality reminded me a bit of Wilfred Pickles: but to that you must add that he has Al Read's eye—and ear—for the comedy of ordinary life, the imitative vocal powers of a Lustgarten, and a skill in conjuring up a heightened sense of reality through verbal fantasy which, while it would stand comparison with Dylan Thomas, is purely Mr. Morris' own and which held me fascinated.

I heard all but the first of his five programmes, when he dealt with London Airport, long-distance lorry drivers, night-watchmen and Soho (the last was the least good only because it was the least original). The element of fantasy in these solo reports was provided by Mr. Morris' remarkable gift for profuse and unlikely imagery, especially animal imagery: thus, he compared the big lorries outside a dreary transport café to a herd of elephants dozing; Bert, the night-watchman, was not only an orchid in cap and scarf thriving in the heat of his coke stove, but also a beetle peeping out of a matchbox. Then he can imitate anything—cats in the night advertising for a mate, diesel engines, flashing police lights, raindrops, voices of pilots over the control-tower radio screeching like cockatoos: from which it was no step at all for Mr. Morris to decide that the aircraft were actually being flown by cockatoos.

Mr. Morris is an artist in words: how brilliantly, for instance, he described the airport passengers, silent, obedient, controlled, following the unseen voices ('Will passengers for Flight 15...') out on to the apron where the wind blows cold and the aircraft sleeps. But he is best of all at character sketches: Alfred, the driver of a breakdown truck, who looks slightly mad and laughs incessantly, especially at accidents, through the long night; Bert, guardian of the hole in the road, brooding by his stove, muttering at intervals 'The swine...' as he remembers a tall man whom he has caught throwing lumps of his coke at a dog. For impressionistic reportage, these programmes knocked the conventional outside broadcasters into a cocked hat. My only criticism is not of Mr. Morris, but of the planners, who were in danger of overdoing a good thing. I would rather hear Mr. Morris once a week till broadcasting ends than every night for a single week.

Labour problems of a rather less eccentric kind than Bert's or Alfred's dominated last week's news. On Wednesday, Manchester's Fifty-One Society debated the power of the trade unions. They couldn't have chosen a more topical subject, but guest-speaker Frank Cousins stone-walled so formidably and so systematically that very little argument developed. Mr. Cousins spoke to his own brief with almost medieval strictness, and in its tremendously self-limiting way his performance was impressive; but people shooting at a monolith, however accurately and often they hit it, don't really get anywhere. Mr. Cousins remained undented; a few criticisms were conveniently left unanswered—victimisation for instance; and in short, if we didn't like anything we could lump it.

'Lagos?' I once heard a Nigerian girl say, 'it's just like London'. This was the theme of 'Changes in Africa' (Home, Friday), in which, after an opening of 'highlife' which was almost the best thing in the programme, several residents of the Dark Continent shook in our ears the bright new beads of Western technical advance: more coffee, more tobacco, more tarmac, higher buildings, meals flown from Paris to Salisbury in twenty hours. It was all very enthusiastic, but a bit like a film-set façade: the gleaming main street without the shantytowns. No one wants to belittle material

advances; but did producer Maurice Brown, who covered, according to *Radio Times*, 16,000 miles to collect material, encounter any stresses, tensions, controversies, anything to give to his programme a little of the depth and complexity of its vast subject? Perhaps he did not; I can only say that this picture of rich, jolly farmers speeding in brand-new motor cars along macadamised roads towards more and more skyscrapers seemed to me—even allowing for half an hour being a very short time—an incomplete one. One thing made me sit up, though: they have improved the Spoken Word; it used to be tapped out on the talking drum. I found myself speculating whether, in some remote, unimproved corner of the hinterland, a former Critic of the Beaten Word still defies with silence the multivocal air.

K. W. GRANSDEN

MUSIC

Scarlatti and Puccini

THE MUSIC by Alessandro Scarlatti that diversified last week's programmes through a succession of morning concerts of gramophone records had the effect of sending me back to Edward Dent's book on that great Italian. It was naturally not the only effect of those four short recitals; in the first place it was the music itself that moved me and did so intensely. But very soon I found there were things I had forgotten or never known and I had to get help. There was no difficulty about that; I knew exactly where my copy of that book had been shelved. What I was not ready for was the delight that came from reading it again. I had forgotten how faultlessly Dent combines the scholarship of a peculiarly pertinacious researcher with clear, untrammelled exposition, nothing of the pedant, much of the eager inquirer; so that our own enthusiasm as we read this book in our student days was kindled. We at once wanted to follow suit, to fill our own note-books and above all to see Naples, Urbino, Rome, Florence, all those places with noble names that Alessandro Scarlatti had known.

The most interesting, because it is the least often heard, was the instrumental music. There were some exquisite movements here and some fine performances. As an example of Scarlatti's classic (yet surely also warmly romantic) style there was a concertante of impeccably limpid texture, starting with a lovely opening slowish movement with a flute carolling to the accompaniment of the strings; and thereafter the main business of the work, set out in a design for a trumpet playing a sufficiently precipitous fanfare tune with antiphonal interjections from the flute and somewhere in the background, but effective still, a bassoon. It was all very engaging and was beautifully performed. The record would be something to treasure. Scarlatti as a writer of cantatas was represented by the recently issued *Oiseau Lyre* record of 'Floro e Tirsi', a tasteful production; the music such a strong enchantment as to make one almost ignore the stilted pastoral setting with its couple of nonsensical shepherds. But we ought not to leave Scarlatti thus and be content with so little. Reading Dent's descriptions of the operas our ears should tingle with frustrated desire.

Puccini's admirers will have felt somewhat the same, listening to 'Le Villi' while longing for the full stage spectacle. However, they had a good deal to be contented with after all, for the broadcast was more vivid than most and David Harris' English version cleared the way for our understanding of Fontana's libretto. The beginnings of a spectacular career such as Puccini's are inevitably fascinating. That he should have started with this mixture of German romanticism and his own irrepressible lyricism is odd enough; but more remarkable is the

fact that it should have succeeded in impressing the Milan public. For that is what 'Le Villi' did for Puccini, and, although the mixture rapidly curdles and never blends, there is about the work a lively dramatic efficiency, even though it is intermittent and embedded in cloying conventions; that essential feeling in the young Puccini for the theatre and the opera stage to which Dr. Mosco Carner (*THE LISTENER*, April 3) has drawn attention. One felt it in Roberto's impassioned scena while listening to William McAlpine's fine performance and also during Elizabeth Fretwell's impressive singing of the romanza earlier in the opera. That the scene was the Black Forest counted for nothing at those moments; Germany

and Italy had parted company and there was no doubt as to which was left in possession of the field.

Italy and England met in Carlo Martelli's second symphony, the most extensive as well as the newest work in Friday's concert of British music. The meeting was on a basis of genetics rather than of music, the composer being a London man, by birth half Puccini's fellow countryman, half Michael Tippett's. I put it like that because there was a slight trace of Tippett here. Of Italian influence I discovered no sound. This is an interesting symphony and since the composer was rising twenty when he wrote the work it showed much promise. It sounded as though urgent matters had made

their presence felt in his imagination as he wrote. This, I thought, was the work of an earnest man and if I missed the logic of it, that was doubtless my fault for having too slow a mind instantly to grasp these matters; those who understood this symphony will say it was my loss. There were arresting sonorities and textures that kept interest alert. Yet the construction seemed loose; not one of the three movements sounded as though it were sure of its aim. Disintegration powerfully threatened the finale which one hoped would pull the threads together. One felt the more thwarted because much of the material was susceptible to subtle, thoughtful treatment.

SCOTT GODDARD

'Die Frau ohne Schatten': Size and Quality

By DONALD MITCHELL

Strauss' opera will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 5.0 p.m. on Sunday, April 20

STRAUSS' 'Die Frau ohne Schatten' was first performed in Vienna on October 10, 1919. The librettist was Strauss' faithful and skilled collaborator, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who had already worked with the composer in 'Elektra' (1909), 'Der Rosenkavalier' (1911), and 'Ariadne auf Naxos' (1916).

'Rosenkavalier' and 'Ariadne' are both important landmarks in the development of Strauss' ideas about opera. The pastiche of the former, however odd its cross-breeding of centuries, its attempt to revive opera's lost art of social comedy, both go to show that Strauss was dissatisfied with the concept of Wagnerian music drama, even though he himself had advanced the *genre* a step or two in 'Salome' (1905) and 'Elektra'. The influence of this dissatisfaction—in which Hofmannsthal had a part to play—perhaps made more of a musical impact on 'Ariadne' than on 'Rosenkavalier': the small orchestra (Hofmannsthal's initial idea) was in itself a highly significant departure. Strauss' later and last operas—with a few exceptions—do tend to reflect his new ideas: what he expressed at one stage as his hope 'to find my way into the realm of un-Wagnerian opera, where all is action, feeling and human nature', or, again, as an intention to 'cast off the whole armour of Wagner for ever'. Strauss certainly never succeeded in doing quite that; and it is one of the curious features of his character as an artist that, despite his extraordinarily intelligent attitude to musical history, his awareness of the necessity for a new approach to the musical theatre in the twentieth century, his purely musical development was an astonishingly limited one, not as far- or free-ranging as his intellect which, in fact, contributed more to progressive opera in our century than his music.

'Die Frau ohne Schatten' is the grandest of Strauss' operas, and, but for 'Die Liebe der Danae', his last fling in the grand manner. 'Die Frau' (if one may so abbreviate her) is an undeniably impressive total experience; but in part of the work's very impressiveness—its acres of invention (calibre apart) and tumultuously vocal orchestra—lies part of its weakness. The enormous orchestra, brilliantly handled as it is, comes to deafen one's ears after the first hour or so, and one suspects that as an instrument Strauss' orchestra is simply not precise enough to discriminate the nuances and levels of the complex drama as effectively as might be wished. By the time the final curtain falls, one does feel that singers, audience, in a way the opera itself, have been bawled out by the orchestra.

Then, again, the immense, grandiloquent size

of the opera somehow diminishes its chances of adding up to a shapely work of art. Unless the composer is a Wagner, one feels that creation on this scale is a risk which is unlikely to turn out successfully. Some scales, that is, are simply too big; it is impossible to bring to too vast a canvas the organisation which will reduce the projected artistic experience to manageable proportions; because art, however much it exalts, must still, as it were, be of a size to swallow. I think my metaphor, if it may be excused, applies to even the greatest great music, e.g., Beethoven's Ninth Symphony or Wagner's 'Ring'. Wagner, moreover, had a form in the 'Ring' which allowed him to cram his inevitably boring bits into long narrative passages; but no such escape valve was open to the later and more 'sophisticated' Strauss, to whom history handed the obligation of Wagnerian continuity without the means of meaningful support.

We feel the diabolical strain of this cruel situation in 'Die Frau', where only a composer of Strauss' gargantuan gifts could keep the ball rolling for so long with such miraculously professional accomplishment. His invention may flag or run very thin, but it never actually breaks down, and the next inspiration will cancel the memory of inadequate invention. It is on a second or third hearing that one begins to catch Strauss out.

If the work's size itself constitutes a problem, problematic, for the composer, were certain features of Hofmannsthal's libretto. It is a common but valid assumption that Strauss was an earthbound personality, in whose music we find few traces of idealism or nobility, or at least of that kind of supreme, yet not anti-human nobility, which we experience in 'Die Zauberflöte'. Mention of Mozart's masterpiece is not an irrelevance; the opera undoubtedly influenced Strauss and Hofmannsthal in their work on 'Die Frau'. The spiritual tests and temptations to which Strauss' characters are subjected obviously have their origin in the travails of Pamina and Tamino; but Strauss has two couples moving towards a state of grace, the Emperor and Empress, and Barak, the dyer, and his wife, who represent two contrasted types of humanity—the *élite*, on the one hand, the common mortal on the other. A third level of drama is rooted in the world of the spirits, Keikobad's universe, whose earthly minion, the Empress' Nurse, weaves her intrigue to persuade Barak's wife to part with her shadow—her potential fertility—so that the shadow-less Empress, Keikobad's daughter, may acquire human status (and thus the capacity to bear the Emperor children).

The text is less complex in action than it

appears in a fumbling *précis*; but I think it plain that its high degree of idealism, mysticism, and, in general, other-worldliness, make heavy demands upon resources with which Strauss was not richly endowed. All the braver of him for undertaking the task; it is arguable that the idealism he showed in making the attempt does shine through his music and form part of its capacity genuinely to impress, to move. But this noble intent—again we meet the strange dichotomy of mind and music in Strauss—cannot redeem what are, I fear, too many failures to match fitting music to central, transcendental moments in the drama. For a simple example of unfortunate bathos, one need seek no further than the second scene of Act I, where the Nurse tries to persuade Barak's wife from her shadow with a visionary promise of luxurious rewards, high-life and a handsome lover thrown in. The wife rejects it, and small wonder, so embarrassingly spurious and tawdry is Strauss' invention. It would be hard to be greedy for such tinsel jewels as these.

At least this lapse is isolated and compact. More damaging is the occasional misfiring in the melodic sphere, especially where the theme undergoes frequent repetition. A case here is the 'big' love tune, which emerges early in Act I, and permeates the whole opera. It is not one of Strauss' happiest melodic thoughts, and it is not improved by having to carry a crucial weight of characterisation; its leading role only serves to emphasise its bald vulgarity and makeshift build.

If this is the least satisfactory side to Strauss' melody in 'Die Frau', we have it at its best in—significantly enough—the music associated with humdrum Barak. In the short orchestral interlude in Act I, scene two, in which Barak sets about his work after a long duet-dialogue with his wife, Strauss unfolds a vein of golden melody, in praise, as it were, of Barak, the good man. Barak himself utters a self-revealing text, just before the interlude starts: 'O Glück, über mir und Erwartung und Freude im Herzen!' The last four words are set to the notes of the D major arpeggio, and out of them and the D major scale, with scarcely an accidental in sight, Strauss unfolds sixty radiant bars instinct with that humane nobility of which he was a true master. To be able to supercharge—in 1919—so diatonic a passage with tension and profound emotion, to divulge so spontaneous and memorable a diatonic melody, is evidence indeed of remarkable musical genius. That the earthbound Barak is here raised to greater heights than his aristocratic operatic superiors is part of the paradox of Strauss' art which most often soars when firmly rooted to the ground.



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FOUR SIMPLE MENUS

1. MAYONNAISE SALAD, followed by a fruit oat pie. For the mayonnaise salad, either left-over or bought cold meat such as ham, pressed beef, or corned beef may be used. Mix chopped meat with a little chopped gherkin or pickles, diced cooked vegetables, and a little cold boiled rice. Mix all together with mayonnaise or salad cream. Serve with baked potatoes. For the fruit oat pie, grease an oven dish, put in alternate layers of sweetened stewed or tinned fruit and porridge oats, making the top layer oats. Pour over one large cup of milk to which you have added sugar, a teaspoon of almond essence, and one well-beaten egg. Bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven.
2. Fish and bacon hotpot—followed by syrup-and-egg tart. Put layers of filleted fish (either white or smoked) and bacon in a greased oven dish, then one layer of sliced tomatoes, with mashed potato on the top. To make syrup-and-egg tart: to four tablespoons of melted syrup add grated rind of lemon, a little juice, two tablespoons of the top of milk, and one well-beaten egg. Pour into an uncooked pastry case and bake till brown.
3. Veal goulash, followed by fresh pear salad covered with grated chocolate. The cheaper cuts will do for the goulash, but ask the butcher to give you veal bones for a stock. Fry sliced onions till soft, add the cut-up meat, salt, plenty of pepper and paprika, cover with stock. Simmer till tender—about an hour. Just before serving stir in top of the milk and lemon juice. Instead

of potatoes, spaghetti is good with this, and cauliflower goes well as the vegetable.

4. A good mixed vegetable soup, minestrone, followed by lemon steamed sponge with lemon sauce. Start by cooking tomatoes in dripping, then add diced root vegetables: for instance, swedes, Jerusalem artichokes, parsnips, carrots, leeks. Cover with boiling water, add a little rice or pearl barley, and seasoning. Simmer till cooked. Serve with chopped fried potatoes (this sounds unusual but is good with this kind of soup) and a big bowl of grated cheese.

HONOR WYATT

HEARTS OF CELERY AND HAM

The main ingredients, for four people, are:

- 1 large tin of cooked hearts of celery
- 4 large slices of ham
- 1 breakfastcup of grated cheese
- 1 large knob of butter
- A 'splash' of tarragon vinegar
- 1 breakfastcup of milk
- Enough flour to thicken the milk (with the cheese)

Divide the celery hearts and ham into four portions. Wrap a large slice of ham round each celery heart, and put them in a fairly large, flat, buttered oven-dish which you will place in a slow oven for a few minutes.

While the ham-wrapped celery hearts are heating, make a cheese sauce. For this, melt a large lump of butter in your pan, draw it off the fire before it sizzles, and slowly, smoothly mix in 2 tablespoons of flour. Very gradually add your milk, stirring all the while. When

you have a smooth mixture, add a cup of grated cheese and a splash of tarragon vinegar.

Now, take your ham-wrapped celery hearts out of the oven where they are warming, and pour the cheese sauce over them. Place the whole thing under the grill until it has a golden top to it.

JEANNE DE CASALIS

Notes on Contributors

H. G. NICHOLAS (page 643): Lecturer in Politics, Oxford University; author of *The British General Election, 1950*, etc.

ANTHONY RHODES (page 645): contributor to *The Daily Telegraph* on eastern European affairs; author of *Where the Turk Trod, A Sabine Journey*, etc.

TOM SOPER (page 646): Sub-Warden, Queen Elizabeth House, Oxford

E. ROSENTHAL (page 651): Lecturer in Hebrew, Cambridge University; author of *Political Thought in Medieval Islam*

PERCY JOHNSON-MARSHALL (page 653): Group Planning Officer at the London County Council; architect in the city architectural department of Coventry, 1939-41

ROBSON LOWE (page 656): Chairman of the British Philatelic Experts Committee

CHRISTOPHER HARWICH (page 657): served in the Uganda and the Gold Coast Police for many years; at headquarters of Uganda Immigration Department, 1949-54; Assistant Director of Intelligence, Uganda, 1939-42

Crossword No. 1,455.

By-lines.

By Wray

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, April 24. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final

A man never knows what a fool he is until he hears himself imitated by one
Show me what angels feel. Till then I cling, a mere weak man, to men
Of all the hard things to bear and grin, the hardest is being taken in
Some think him ill-tempered and queer, but a few think him pleasant enough



Round each number of the diagram is to be arranged (reading clockwise) the name of the author of one of the thirty quotations listed as clues. The clues are not in diagram order though each is in its appropriate row group. The unlinked letters can be arranged to read: 'GO S.E. ON WHITSTABLE WHERRY'

CLUES

Row 1 to 5

The truly civilised man has no enemies
I do not paint a portrait to look like the subject
New Year's Day is everyman's birthday
He missed an invaluable opportunity to hold his tongue
Like a flounder out of the frying pan into the fire

Row 6 to 10

A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content
Better to trip with the feet than with the tongue
Everything bows to success, even grammar
Religion is caught, not taught
Truth is on the march and nothing can stop it

Row 11 to 15

The truly generous is the truly wise
Unless one is a genius, it is best to aim at being intelligible
Wherever luxury ceases to be innocent, it also ceases to be beneficial
I mix them with my brains, sir
Amusement is the happiness of those who cannot think

Row 16 to 20

Few persons have courage enough to appear as good as they really are
God and the doctor we alike adore, but only when in danger, not before
Instead of loving your enemies, treat your friends a little better
O, weel may the boatie row, and better may she speed
The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence

Row 21 to 25

Though it be a foul great lie: Set upon it a good face
Abide with me
I see the sights that dazzle, the tempting sounds I hear
A good lather is half the shave
But when a man bites a dog, that is news

Row 26 to 30

The dandily toss of the parish

Solution of No. 1,453

NOTES

QUOTATIONS: They wake a sigh. There is but sound of sedges (Meredith, 'Song of the Songless').
... I offered, free from stain, courage and faith; (Macaulay, 'A Jacobite's Epitaph').
I answer: There, where my Julia's lips do smile; (Herrick, 'Cherry Ripe')
... first; Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground; (Emerson 'Each and All')
Radial Lights: 2. NARRATED. 3R. AFFAIRS. 4R. BANDLET. 5. HUNTO. 6. PLEASANT. 7. GOITRED. 8R. HANDLER. 9. ORIDE. 11. NITRATES. 12. DEMESNE. 13. PRESENTED. 14. ICON. 15R. EARTHEN. 16R. SERENE. 17. FICHU. 18R. ABOUT. 19. SARDINE. 21. SCIENCE. 22. WIDOWERS. 23R. FORESEEN. 24R. AFFINED. 25R. SARAFANS. 26. ASSOCIATE. 27. NIP. 28R. HANG. 29R. FRITILLARY. 30R. HAYWAIN. 31R. TRENCH. 32. PIONEER. 33R. PEERING. 34R. SERENADE. 35. CATCH. 36. TOWER. 37. MUSE.

Poet's Names: 1. Emerson 10. Macaulay. 19. Herrick. 28. Meredith.

1st prize: W. A. Starbuck (Mitcham); 2nd prize: T. W. Melluish (London, S.E. 24); 3rd prize: Mrs. H. D. Williams (London, N.W.3).

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